THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

O lady, lady, list to me,
Nor scorn my humble minstrelsy,
This harp you see, tho' rudely strung,
Hath oft, and fanied, in battle wrung—
And lady, still it sounds to tell
How many a son of Erin fell.

My Father was a valiant knight,
Who fought for country, King, and right:
On field of battle, many a foe
Was by his conquering arm laid low;
Yet fell at last, Columbia brave,
He bled and sought a hero's grave—
This faithful harp, tho' rudely strung,
The fallen warrior's war dirge sung.

'Tis dearly prized—my Father brave,
The last, the dying tribute gave;
The tuneful relic long I've wore,
'Tis all I have—I have no more—
Yet lady, never shall its strain
Of all your minstrel's wrongs complain:
No, no, 'tis trusted, they ne'er shall be,
My lady fair, revealed to thee. ELLEN.

EARLY SCENES.

When all the bus'ness of the day is done,
And calm, and unconcern'd, I love to sit
With cheerful friends around an ev'ning fire,
And talk, or listen to the passing tale—
Time passes pleasantly, when no restraint
Is felt, or fear'd, but all may freely speak
What the heart dictates, free from envy's frown,
Or the malicious censure of the world—
Where ev'ry one is pleas'd, and strives to please,
And gaiety in feign'd illumes each breast—
Or else alone, reflecting o'er those scenes
Where dawn'd my early years, in thoughtless ease,
When ev'ry trifle, ev'ry toy could charm,
And wild, and free, those happy years were spent:
No stern authority repress'd my mirth,
Or check'd my rising thoughts, but I could talk,
Or play, or wander, as my fancy led—
Well I remember when the winter past,
And genial spring unfolded all her bloom,
How green the meadow look'd, and ev'ry turf
Was scatter'd o'er with flow'rets and o'er the stream
That gently flow'd along, the willow hung
Its graceful boughs, and the luxuriant elm,
Spread its tall branches to the zeph'ring breeze,
And stood, as if in majesty, to guard,
The fancied spirits that around it wept—
While in sweet melody, the restless bird
Sung in its shade, and woo'd the feeling heart,
That dwelt on nature's charms, to linger there—
With spirits buoyant, and of care devoid,
To seek that little stream, and gather flow'rs
Of ev'ry hue, and sit beneath the shade
And weave them into wreaths, as suited best
My youthful fancy. Then my brows entwine
With their rich clusters, while my mind would rove
In sweet romantic dreams; and on that stream,
(Bright nature's glowing mirror) I would gaze,
To see my form reflected, richly wreath'd
With hues, and op'ning flow'rs, and with delight,
Form some vain visions for my future life,
When childhood's day was past, and all those flow'rs
So fresh, and fading, that amused me then,
Should be exchang'd for costly ornaments,
And in the world's gay theatre, aspire
To all the mind can form of happiness,
Of dignity, and wealth, fabricks of air—
So sweet—and so deluding—form'd to break;
And be exhausted on life's checquer'd shore.—
The childish mind, wav'ring, and never pleas'd
Long with an object, turns to something new,
Like the inconstant zephyr, passing now
The scented vale and breathing all its sweets,
Then wildly rushing to the woodland height
And sighs, and murmurs to the yielding leaves—
Forgetful what a moment pleas'd before:
It throw the wreaths that blends'd upon my brow
In the swift current of the silver stream,
And watch them lightly winding, glide away.—
So all the visions that my childhood wove
Blooming and bright, were lost as soon as form'd
In the rough current of reality—
And if a wreath of happiness is wove,
It only blooms on childhood's thoughtless hours,
Lest the mind sickens with oppressive cares,
And finds the rose, the queen of ev'ry flow'r,
Must rest her head upon a thorny stalk.

CORDELIA.

LINES.

Have you e'er felt the force of beauty's tear
When the clear crystal dimm'd a raven eye?
Or stood by loveliness whilst death was near
To catch its latest soul dissolving sigh!
Or have you seen upon the silent bier
An angel's form in its last slumber lie,
Lur'd in the quiet mantle of the dead
Ere earth received it in its narrow bed?

That placid, mild, and yet unconscious sleep,
When the immortal spirit is not there;
Fled to the mansions of the eternal deep,
Far o'er the confines of the voiceless air!
Then have you known indeed what 'tis to weep?
Then have you felt the worst that love can fear?
The sorrow of the soul for beauty's woe,
The keenest pang man's heart can feel below.

ORASMYN.

COMMODORE PORTER.

I sing the bayest hero's name,
Who brave in battle stood,
Who danger dar'd for deathless fame,
And for his country's good.
I sing of him who met the foe,
Far on the stormy sea!
Whose valor laid the tyrant low,
'Mid shouts of victory
And where is he whose deeds sublime
Now gild the glorious page,
Whose brilliance down the tide of time,
Shall light a future age;
Are where is he whose blade hath drunk
A tide of tyrants' gore,
Whose wrath beneath the billows sunk,
The pride of Albion's shore.

O tell it not on Europe's strand,
My country's shame 'twill be,
An exile from his native land,
Dishonor'd now is he.
Dishonor'd! 'tis the cruel shame,
Stains not the hero's scroll,
As bright and brilliant is his fame,
As dignified his soul.

But on the heads of those who thirst
For vengeance void of laws,
On hearts of calumny that curst
The hapless hero's cause,
Shall fall the curse of him forlorn,
Who was from crime exempt,
And they shall meet their country's scorn,
The nation's cold contempt.

MILFORD BARD.

OLD MARTIN BUMGARDEN, THE INDIRO MERCHANT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

Foote, as all of the old school know full well, could transform himself into almost every remarkable character, from the court end of the town to White chapel. I mean those characters who were distinguished by some *super-eminent* qualities that fitted them for his caricature, in that age of humorists. His imitation of French broken English, as I have heard my uncle Zachary say, was very lively, not equal to Jemmy Spiller's, but as good as Neil Slater's upon the whole, being rather more polite. But his Anglo-German was inimitable. It is true he was apt to abuse this original faculty, and sought as his temper or his interest suited, to play off his ridicule at the expense of friend and foe alike.

Hogarth, at the Bedford, one night, soon after the coronation of George 3d, related the tale of old Martin; and Foote caught readily at the circumstances as they were simply told by the amusing painter. "This old cit and his daughters would work up well into a farce," said Foote: "I will do it," and he kept his word: at least, so the story went.

Frank Hayman heard of this. Frank was one whom the satirist afforded as much respect as his wicked faculty could spare for any body. He went to Foote to expostulate the matter: "Sam," said he, "this is too bad! Bumgarden is my particular friend, and, moreover, a worthy man: he has two pretty daughters too." "Oh!" said Foote, "then you are come in the barber's basin." I should explain this: Frank, the best hearted fellow of all the knot of worthies, was a sort of knight-errant; that is to say, he was the defender of his absent friends; and when the wags were going beyond the mark, namely, when they were slanderous and unchristable, Frank would take up the cudgel against all comers, and manfully set them to rights. It was on one of these occasions that Hogarth said, "Now Frank has put on the barber's basin," and this was quoted long after poor Hogarth's death.

"Nobody will find out its intended for him," said Foote, "and if they do, what then?" "Why, he may be apt to *bonnet your pate*," said Frank; "old Martin is a sturdy wight." Foote swore he would run the risk; he was most audacious on these occasions. "Surely not, Sam," said Hayman, "when I repeat that he is a worthy generous soul, and my particular friend"—Are there not rogues and scoundrels enough in this great town? Level your shafts at them, Sam, and let honest people alone."

Hayman heard it whispered some months after, that Foote had really completed his farce, and that the Indian merchant made a figure therein as old *Luther Blunderbuss*, of Bullister Square. "Will he dare to expose that family," said Frank, "after what I have said? No, Sam has more wit."

A few nights had elapsed when Frank met Foote at the Turk's head, when the satirist took occasion to try his ground. "Apropos, my gay fellow," said he, "I'll tell you a secret, Frank," speaking in a half whisper, and holding his finger beside his nose, "if you look in at the little theatre next week, you may, perchance, recognise an old acquaintance and his pretty misses." "Humph! perhaps not," said Frank. "You need not look so blue upon it," said Foote, with his usual impudence. "Foo my soul, Frank, it is too good a subject to let slip through one's fingers in these cursed stupid times." "Very well," said Frank, "do as you please; but if you do, though you were Aristophanes himself, you and I shall have a falling out; so—good night, Sam." Frank, for all his good nature and rattling, was a spirit with whom a man might not presume to trifle. Foote pondered upon the subject, no doubt; for old Bumgarden was not brought upon the stage.

It was a whimsical adventure to be sure, and one that Foote could have tricked off with great humor, no doubt. But as all the parties are long since gone to their rest, no one can be hurt, if a smile be now excited at the tale of Master Martin, as it was related by that famous story teller, De Chauncey, one night, several years after the disaster, when turning over his portfolio, he happened to fix upon a portrait of the worthy old German. "There," said the facetious Doctor, forgetting that I had been a witness of the adventure, "there is the broad physiognomy of as upright an old trader as I can name, touching my long, long acquaintance with this murky place. What an *os frontis*—a right German cranium—how like, to be sure,—poor old honest Martin! I have taken more of his wine than he ever swallowed of my physic, but that's of little account to him—so to my story," said the Doctor.

As we were driving slowly along that dark, dismal road, which I remember being improved, as they called it, from the top of Blackman-street through St. George's Fields, my chariot, and Hogarth's, and the others, all stopping at the same time, just as we got opposite the old Dog & Duck, we were all thrown into consternation at the shrieking of women. A coach drove upon one of those masses of mud-mud that are left to dry beside the highway, like a line of village graves, specimens of the cockney picturesque, unsightly nuisances by day, and dangerous stumbling blocks by night: yes, the ladies shrieked, and—over went the carriage with a fearful crash. More broken limbs, God preserve us! said I to myself: this a party of pleasure! Well, Sir, Frank Hayman, his wife always about him, jumped off the coach box on which he was sitting, (faith I believe he was driving, for Frank was a bit of a whip,) and ran and seized the horses heads, old Zachary Hardcastle, your uncle, master Ephraim (looking under his spectacles, and turning to me at the same time) Allan Ramsay, and noisy Roquet being on foot, assisted to liberate the passengers. "I was of the party, Doctor," said I. The old Doctor still holding the portfolio, turned his head, again surveying me from head to foot, (it was his way,) "right, so you were." "They lifted the mamma and daughters through the window frame, the glasses being down; how they got the old lady through, I have not been able to make out to this day," said he, "for she was almost as large as Height of Maldon. That mad cap, Roquet, I remember whispered, 'Afore this, perhaps, the bottle conjuror be no joke at all.'

"When this was accomplished, the father, unwigged, who had quietly lain at the bottom, coolly thrust his head up, and very composedly observed, 'Had you not better aben de coach door, gentlemens: you might as well addempt to pull a rack of sand trough an hour-glass.'

"They had scarcely lowered him up, and placed him on the raised pole, and were grappling among the straw for his wig, when another shriek caught our attention, and the old gentleman was in a furious rage. One of the pretty daughters, very short-sighted, in her agitation stepped off the narrow path into the ditch. The father, a remarkably lanky man, sprang in after her and pulled her out. She was not much dirtied, happening to fall into a bush; but he was more than knee deep in mud.

"By this time he was surrounded by most of our party, who were anxious to afford assistance. 'Zee,' said he, in the German-English, extending his arms, his hands as muddy as his feet, 'Zee, mine Got! what it is to have undutyful tawghters, and an abstrobalous wife! Oh fie! Mistress Hungerden! By gokes, this is every marsel your fault.'

"Frank, who had quitted the horses, now came round, and, clapping the indigo-merchant upon the shoulder, exclaimed, 'What my old reformer! is it you?' 'Handts off, if you blease; you might be a little more bolide, mindeed; and who de teuf are you, mid your reformer?' seizing a lanthern from a watchman, and thrusting it into the stranger's face, when the severity of his muscles relaxed, and he exclaimed in his turn, 'Got plean my soull vat is it you, Mister Frank Haymans? O! look upon me, Mister Frank Haymans? O! look upon me, Mister Frank; am not I a very unhubby man?' 'O! my good sir,' said Frank, 'it might have been worse.' 'Verse!' said he, raising his voice, 'verse! I ask you, Mr. Frank Haymans, am not I a very unhubby man? is not (bodt blain English! My gootman, as trunk as a big: I gollect stobs! stobs! as loudt as my lungs could bawl; but you tonne gallavanting gods into a woman's hoult, the divel gets into their heels. Here am I all mudt, and my daughters all mudt, as plag as ten kennel ragers; my coach proke all to lieces, and I know not vere I am, a miserable sinner, no more dan de man in de moon! I ask you, (looking most ruefully, between a sigh and a groan,) I ask you, Mr. Frank Haymans, am I nod a very unhubby man?' 'What, what my worthy friend,' said Hayman, 'dont you remember what Swift once said on a similar unfortunate occasion?' (now Martin Bumgarden was a great admirer of the dean of St. Patrick's adages:) 'Nod I,' said he; 'Vell Frank, vad tid he say?' 'Why, when farmer Pocklington tumbled neck and heels off his horse into the slough of Killgoblyns, the dean cried out, "Hallo! what, Master Pocklington! shake yourself, child! the more dirt, the less hurt." 'Ha! ha! ha! ha!' laughed old Martin, holding his sides with his muddy hands, 'Ha! ha! ha! ha! you vil pe de deadth of me, Mr. Frank Haymans. O lordt! vad a trull-tog vas dat gonical dean of St. Patrick. By gokes, I gan never forgid dis as long as I live! Vell, Heaven be bezized, dere is no bonce progen! Never mind it, never mind it, my dear ghildren!' So he kissed his pretty daughter, and all his anger was at an end.

"Hogarth went over to the Dog and Duck, knowing the landlord; a lantern was sent, the party all went thither; old Martin Bumgarden was relieved of his mud, and had borrowed a pair of worsted stockings, and was smoking a segar and joking, when Chauncey's coachman returned, who was despatched for a recruit of dress for the indigo-merchant and his daughter; when, all things being put in *statu quo*, we proceeded, and made a happy day of it."

A SKETCH.

A great and powerful king had a sister, distinguished for extreme personal beauty, for great powers and cultivation of mind, and for a most amiable and benevolent disposition. She was remarkable, also, for a proficiency in those accomplishments which threw such additional charm over female beauty and intellect. In music, especially, she took excessive pleasure, and possessed extreme skill. She was the favorite of her brother, and was regarded with all that consideration which such favour gives in an absolute court. Youth, beauty, feeling, talent, power—all seemed joined to shower roses on her path to give it all happiness. But this was not to last. A young nobleman appeared at the court, who soon attracted universal attention. Peculiarly fitted to shine in such scenes, it was not long before his *success* (to use the word in its French signification,) became great and undoubted. Among others, the princess admired the young courtier, and soon she loved him. Their mutual affection was what might be expected between two persons of fiery passions, and habits of little self-control. It did not, therefore, remain long unperceived. The young man was advised to withdraw himself—but all such cautions were vain to youthful and favoured passion. He remained. At last he was seized and imprisoned, and after various escapes, was finally thrown into a dungeon, where he was totally cut off from all communication with the world, to which he was as if he had never been.—During his first imprisonment, the princess had contrived to convey to him her assurance of continued affection, and every alleviation which wealth could furnish to his lot.—But after he was removed to the last place of his confinement, it was as if the tomb had closed over him forever.

Let us shift the scene, and we see a woman tottering in premature old age: her limbs have nearly lost their power, she can scarcely crawl the length of her room, and she cannot lift the one hand without the help of the other to raise it. Her eyes are distended, forced from their sockets, and nearly blind. Her voice is gone, and with it her fondness of the art to which it gave so much effect and beauty. Her mind is equally altered,—Her mildness is changed into the bitterest sarcasm. From one of the most benevolent of human beings, she has become to take delight only in the indulgence of a severity of temper amounting almost to rancour.

She is seated in her chambers. The door opens, and a man enters. He is old and decript. His hair is snow-white. His form is bent nearly double:—

"——— there came
A wretched man, with withered limbs and lame,
His mind oppressed with woes, and bent with age
His frame.'

It is her lover. His hair has been whitened by intense and continued suffering, rather than by the work of time: his body has been doubled by the weight of iron which it bore for ten years. He was that time in solitary confinement, loaded with heavy chains, and scrupulously debarred from the slightest mitigation of his condition, physical or mental. But many more years are now passed.—The tyrant is dead, and the lovers may meet. How would they have recognized each other?—The gay cavalier, flushed with the pride of youthful beauty and general admiration, brilliant in present fortune, and anticipating still higher destiny, and the young princess the lovely, the gifted, the worshipped—happy in the affection of the man she loved, and high in hope of its ultimate crowning and accomplishment—these are now old, broken in health and in heart, and dropping into the grave through the accumulation of all earthly misery. It is their first, their last, their only meeting.

In this awful hour, (for so may it indeed be called,) woman's resolution, like woman's love, proves superior to that of man. He has married during the long years of his banishment. She inquires concerning his children, their age, their names. She asks the gift of one of them—one to be a daughter to her heart, to give her the feelings of a mother towards *his* child. They weep together. They part to see each other no more.

This story is no fiction. It is one so well known, that it is scarcely necessary to add that the princess Amelia of Prussia, sister of Frederick called the Great, and baron Trenck, are the hero and heroine of the piece.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESSAY ON ASTRONOMY.

The next science which commands our attention in the course of our literary disquisitions is Astronomy. This is undoubtedly the loftiest and most exalted of sciences; it is certainly the loftiest flight to which the genius of man has ever soared—it is the imperial height that bounds the utmost extent of his researches, and all beyond it is the veil of darkness which shrouds the deity, and which the feeble penetration of man dares not even strive to fathom. If mathematics be the foundation and basis, astronomy is certainly the most elevated pinnacle of the dome of science. If mathematics be the door to the temple of knowledge, astronomy is certainly the noblest apartment which it contains, and if it do not equal the other sciences in utility, it surely excels all in its noble aim and destination. And what is this destination?—It is nothing less than to investigate the causes of nature itself; it is nothing less than to unravel the latent mysteries of Creation, and to expound the immutable laws of Godhimself. Without this science what would all our other boasted knowledge consist in? We might be able to measure our own insignificant globe. We might be able to supply our immediate wants and necessities, but we would be still enveloped in the dark clouds of leaden ignorance. We would not know even the planet which we now tread. The tides would ebb and flow, the ocean would rise and fall, but man would in vain seek for their causes. The seasons would succeed each other, the sun would rise and usher in the day; he would set, and night would involve the sphere; but man would still be ignorant of the causes of these grateful vicissitudes. In vain would he gaze on the starry firmament, in vain would he behold thousands on thousands of worlds rolling through the void immense; in his limited and clouded ideas, he would consider them only as spangles in a canopy, to amuse his insignificant self.

Without this great science he would want one of the most convincing proofs of the existence of his Creator. With this exalted science, he immediately accounts for every phenomenon that appears. The sun may dim his rays and the moon may be shrouded with darkness, he trembles not, but only admires the great causes from which the phenomena flow. Instructed by this great science he is at once acquainted with all the laws of nature; at once he beholds the concord of the spheres, and acknowledges that the hand that made them is divine. How great and exalted must this science be, which contemplates the mighty works of the great fabricator of the universe, and explains all their motions and variations. But this science does not only explain the laws of nature, but it affords the most incontrovertible proofs of the existence of their author. Let Atheism, the frail offspring of pride and ignorance, assisted by the light of astronomy, view the mighty works of creation,—let her behold the harmony of the universe, and she must yield to the light of reason. Yes, every ray that darts from the luminaries of Heaven, flashes conviction on her sight. Yes, every star that shines in the firmament, and every planet that rolls its dark orb through the vaulted heavens declare that their author is divine. Then surely we may be allowed to say that astronomy is the most exalted of sciences. Surely then, it is the brightest gem that sparkles in the diadem of knowledge. Surely then it deserves the appellation of the divine science. MARCUS.

Charleston, (S. C.) April 18th, 1827.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"That Spirit from which all created beings proceed—in which, having proceeded from it, they live—towards which they tend, and in which they are ultimately *absorbed*—that Spirit study to know—that Spirit is the *Great One*."

Hindoo Scripture.

We are not of the number of those to whom "troubled waters" are a delight, and do not believe in their *salutary* influence. We think *true* piety has not a more decided enemy than polemic disputation. We would humbly hope, that the temperament of our own minds is any thing but *controversial*, and trust we shall not merit the imputation of *inconsistency*, if we briefly express our own views and feelings on a subject of a general character, and of interesting importance. Many have supposed (very honestly we do not doubt) prayer to be incompatible with the unchanging character of God; and while we are ourselves of a different sentiment, think the subject has not been very satisfactorily (at least to ourselves,) explained. Some, while they assent to the divine *immutability*, express a decided conviction in the Lord's listening to, and granting prayer; and assign, as the reason for this, his unchangeable decree or determination from the *creation* of time. Now, while we do not believe time *created*, we would not refer the regard of God to prayer to any *fixed* purpose, or determination whatever, which no less than *mutability* we view as arguing imperfection. If the mind be concentered in God, it must be *happy*—for he is so—it partakes by *intermixture* of his nature, which has no more of *desire* than it has of will. We believe it will be generally admitted, that misery can have no other origin than a state of *unsatisfied* desire; but the chief end and effect of the mind's union with Deity, is to extinguish desire, and this it does by giving it to feel that it has "enough." It completely occupies the vacuum which generates desire—and thus having nothing more to wish, it has nothing more to ask; and having nothing more to solicit, it reposes in its own felicity. But this it can never do, until it is abstracted from *faculties*, and, we will also add, *personalities*. To effect this abstraction, and consequent happiness, is the only true and legitimate end of a *prayerful* state of mind or soul, (we make no distinction between them,) which state can only be truly and really induced by the influx of the Holy Spirit. By this condition we mean to imply nothing more than *aspiration*: and to suppose *this* could be effected by any thing *less* than God, would, in our view, be to render the *effect* superior to its *cause*; for the effect being *divine*, the cause must be so too—any thing merely *temporal* could never be the *primum mobile*—yet we would by no means be understood, as disclaiming the *secondary* causation of temporal agents. This aspiration, or bias of the mind, as we have already stated, is produced by God himself; and is followed by a sense of dependance on him—not in the light of a *general*, but of a *minutely* particular providence—not recurring periodically, and generated *only* by circumstances or distinct successions, but *constantly*; and produced by the only adequate and *legitimate* cause, viz. *a present sense of Deity*. By looking to him in the ratio of his own attractions, the mind is augmentingly replenished with his own nature or essence, until it acquires such a strength and steadfastness, as can be neither dissipated nor overcome, either by *Acquisitions* or *personalities*. To the passionate attachment to things, local and personal, must be referred all the inquietude and distraction which agitate the human breast. Inspired with a profound admiration for the exalted sentiment of *high life*, and its fancied felicities; and no less by an overweening affection for the attainments of ambition, as glittering it may be, and equally *unsubstantial*, the mind continually flatters itself with a belief, that any situation *above* must be *happier* than its own; and instead of *dreaming from itself*, becomes more and more dependant on *accidents*, or circumstantial and personal objects; and is ultimately compelled to rely on these, or a combination of them, for all its enjoyment. It follows that as these vary or are removed, a corresponding oscillation or loss ensues, until, having in vain sought for *satisfaction*, it abandons the pursuit of happiness as a *chimera*, and becomes either in part or altogether *sceptical*.—The whole error, or mistake, lies in neglecting to cultivate the *principle of virtue*—the only thing which can render man happy, because it is the only thing which can render him satisfied with himself. An increased improvement of this principle is proceeded by increased enjoyment, because the principle itself, which is the source of it, is enlarged. We think it may be assumed as an axiom, that nothing is more increased by cultivation, or diminished by neglect, than this principle in man. Much error has resulted from the personification of Deity. Instead of regarding Him as an immense and incalculable (not to say *infinite*,) ocean of divine love and light, he is too often, and too generally, viewed as *personal*—endowed with, and saturated by, the personalities which characterise man. This principle of virtue in man is the *quintessence* of his nature, and is acted on by this love and light in the ratio of attention to it. To cherish, which the strictest regard must be paid to it, and without man's co operation it can effect nothing. From the smallest power, it is capable of becoming the *ruling principle*—elevating the mind above the influence of incidental misfortune, by qualifying it to draw exclusively from itself. It creates a beautiful sunshine in the mind, which accidents cannot obscure; it opens up a spring of joy, which circumstances cannot cut off. To effect this, is the sole end of prayer or aspiration; which is itself induced by the agency of a superior principle or power, leading the mind gradually *upward*. This agent is Deity, and does not flow in with the view of inciting us to ask for any object *special* or particular; but to abstract the mind more and more from earth; and in giving it the faculty of a divine enjoyment, changes its original complexion. It can never repose *contentedly* within itself, until desire ceases; and before such a condition is superinduced, it must resign itself implicitly to the command and conduct of this supreme power or energy—for the least act of insubordination would destroy this tranquility, by giving its own will the *supremacy*—and thus by withdrawing its allegiance, at the same time, remove its dependence on, and its sense of Deity. Nothing can be more favourable to this progression, than introversion of mind in a seclusion from the dissipating concerns of life; for by this means we are brought to perceive every thing through the *true medium*, and ourselves as we really are.

"Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, when we are *least* alone;
A truth which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from *self*: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'would disarm
The spectre death, had he substantial power to harm."

BYRON.

Should the foregoing brief remarks, on so interesting a subject, be satisfactorily received, we may enlarge on it at a subsequent period.

Philadelphia, May 7, 1827. CONFUCIUS.

THE BACHELORS.

BY M. L. WEEMS.

BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

'Tis the only making money state. At this I see a smile brightening on the face of the old Bachelor. "*Egad*," quoth he, "*prove but that, and I'm your man. Many a good day ago should I have been married, but was afraid I was not able to maintain a wife.*"

Maintain a wife! Citizen Bachelor, you mistake the matter quite: The Creator did not send the ladies here to be *your pensioners*, but your *help-mates*. And many a family do I know, now in *easy circumstances*, that would, long e'er this, have been on the parish, had it not been for the virtues of the *petticoats*.

SONG—THE HUSBAND'S FIRE-SIDE.

The hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea,
And Florio, in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Bright Delia, who his heart possessed,
And was his new-made bride,
With head reclin'd upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A favorite dog was laid;
By whom a little sportive cat,
In wanton humour play'd.

His Delia's hand he gently press'd;
She stole an amorous kiss;
A blushing modesty confess'd
The fullness of her bliss.

Young Florio with a heart elate,
Thus pray'd Almighty Love—
"*O Source of Good! be this my fate,*
Just so to live and love."

And as for you, young sparks, who are inclined to think of a wife as of an *elegant plaything*, intended only to dress and dance, visit and spend money, please to look at the following picture of a *good wife* drawn by the pencil of Solomon, (with a touch or two of an American brush) Prov. xxxi.

Verse 10. Behold a virtuous woman, for her price is above rubies.

12. She riseth with the day and preparеth breakfast for her household; yea before the sun is risen she hath her maidens at work.

13. She seeketh wool and flax, and layeth her hand willingly to the spindle, while her right hand merrily turneth the wheel.

14. She looketh well to the way of her family, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

16. By her much industry her cheeks are made ruddy like the rose of Sharon, yea, her nerves are strengthened, so that when she heareth talk of the hysterickes, she marveleth thereat.

17. Her house is the habitation of neatness, so that the heart of her husband is refreshed when he entereth into her chamber.

18. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth much cloth to the merchants.

19. Her husband is known in the gates by the fineness of his apparel, for she maketh him clothing of silk and purple.

23. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Now citizen Bachelor, will you any longer talk about maintaining such a wife as this! And such a wife every good girl in America will make, if married to the *bent* of her heart.

Yea, she will do him good—What will not generous woman do for the husband of her love! Did not queen Eleanor, when her husband (king Edward) was pierced with a poisoned arrow, instantly apply her sweet lips to the ghastly wound and extract the venom at the loss of her precious life! Blest saint thy shining is now in Heaven, and thy place far above all suns!

Did not Mrs. Ackland (the wife of a British Major, last war) leave her dearest relations, to cross the stormy seas, following her husband to America, the scene of war and blood, that she might ease his face and share his danger!. Dear unhappy woman! what were your agonies, when arriving near Saratoga, you saw your husband's regiment holding unequal fight with Morgan, sinking fast under the dreadful fire of his riflemen. The sad remains of slaughtered troops returned, but he returned not. She flew to the fatal field. She found him low, weltering in blood; with a feeble cry she sunk on his face, his eyes swam in tears but his voice was not heard. The warriors of Columbia wept around. The rifles fell from their hands. Family was no more, and nature, dear common mother, smiling through tears, enjoyed the generous sorrows of her sons. They bore the bleeding hero to their own hospital; where she attended him day and night till she could convey him to New-York, where she sunk under a consumption brought on by so much anxiety and fatigue.

O what will not generous woman do for the husband of her love! she will enrich him, not only by her own industry and management, the natural fruits of her love, but also by those excellent habits of Industry and Frugality which she forms in him.

He will be far more industrious, because he is working for the dear woman he loves, and love, we know, makes light work.

Who has not heard of Mr. Goodridge, (Portsmouth, Virginia) or what sea has not been ploughed by his numerous keels? and yet Mr. Goodridge owed it all, (under heaven) to a *good wife*. While a bachelor he worked hard and made money, but it was all soon squandered on frolicking and grog. At twenty two he married a girl poor in wealth, but rich in love, industry, and health. For the sake of her he instantly quit his old tippling companions and prodigality. He possessed in the world but one negro man and a flat (a large open boat) in which he coasted it along up James river to the mouth of Nansemond, 14 miles, for oyster-shells to sell in Portsmouth and Norfolk. Happy as a prince, when he was returning with his load, to see his dear girl, for a couple of years he picked up money enough to buy just such another boat and a serving man for his wife. See them now in their two little boats (dearer far in the sight of God than any two first-rate men of war) holding their loving course up the river for their humble freight. After carrying on their oyster-shell trade for some years with great success, they purchased a little shop, afterwards a store, and in about thirty years, they had as many as fifteen sail of vessels at sea!

And as to that great fortune-making virtue, frugality, the good Lord have mercy on the Bachelors! for there is not one in ten of them who has so good a notion of it as has a *monkey*: for thrifty Jacko will put away the balance of any good nuts that he happens to fall in with; but, among young Bachelors, the eternal cry is, Who will shew us any fun? Hurra for the horse-race, the cock-fight, the billiard table, or the bagnio. Dash go the dollars! the hard scrapings, dull tight swings of a poor old father's life.

But (Lord, what is man without a *wife!*) this *glorious* youth is soon seen sneaking along with the sheriff; his creditors fasten upon him and pick him to the bone; Choused out of his estate, and ashamed to lift up his booby face, he stalks among his rich relations, on whom he has the honour to be bilketted for life. This is the end of many a green-horn, who runs into bad company and ruin, for want of a beloved wife, to make his home and plough a pleasure to him.

But see, Florio, married to the charming woman he loves, is under no temptation to go abroad into expensive and dangerous amusements. His home is his *Paradise*; he never leaves it but with regret, he returns to it with joy. His Delia, and his sweet little prattlers constitute his circle of happiness. For their sakes, he applies, with double pleasure, to business; shuns all unnecessary expence; studies every decent art of economy, and is getting rich very fast.

SONG.

The man who for life is blest with a wife,
Is sure to a happy condition:
Go things as they will, she's fond of him still;
She's *comforter, friend*, and *physician*.

Pray where is the joy, to trifle and toy?
Yet dread some *disaster* from beauty!
But sweet is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
Where love mingles pleasure with duty.

One extravagant vice, won't cost a man less
Than twenty good wives that are saving;
For, wives they will spare, that their children may share,
But vices for ever are craving.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And Life is thorny, and Youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Coleridge.

"His tale untold—his truth too dearly proved."

Byron.

In the fall of '24, being on a tour through the Western country, the beauty of the scenery, as well as the hospitality of the inhabitants, induced me to extend my rambles as far as the village of H———, in the state of Kentucky. I remained in that place some time, delighted with every thing around me. Having introductory letters to many of the citizens, I was never at a loss for company or entertainment. An evening or two, however, before I left the place, being indisposed from giving or receiving entertainment in company, I strolled to the environs of the romantic village, and directed my way to the Burial Place which had been pointed out to me before. I entered, and viewed many a misshapen stone intended to hand down the memory of the sleeper beneath. I read many an illiterate scrawl which some warm admirer had written "to blazon common woe;" but was most strongly attracted by "three neat white tomb stones," which bore the same family name, and two of which were nearly of the same date: and while I was musing over this last scene of frail mortality, I was joined by the village sexton, who had just prepared another "narrow house" for——one unknown to fame. I asked him the story of their slumbering inmates, when he gave me the outlines of the following narrative:

In the winter of 1813, Henry Stanley, accompanied by Robert Clymer, wandered from the battalion to which they were attached, and which was stationed on our north western frontier for the purpose of preventing the incursions of the Indians, and also to punish their savage temerity. Henry was an solemn and silent as his boon companion Robin, (for the Scot was usually called thus,) was facetious and talkative; and indeed he was never seen without a smile upon his lips, or without making some remark which

"Made even thick lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile,
Before she was aware."

They stood by a roofless and decayed mansion-house—the fox had made it his den, and the wild wall flower, which mantled the mouldering edifice, had perished in the frosted breeze of the morning—it had no other tenant. The household deities had been prostrated, and those of the household hearth were perhaps scattered as slaves among the Indians of the lakes, or the more distant hunters of the Missouri. A thousand feeling reflections flitted across Henry's mind as he thought of his father's home, and the tender solicitude of his mother; but there was another feeling, how ever once it may have added sunshine to the soul, now cast as a deep cloud upon his waking thoughts and his midnight dreams. Robin was employed in far other thoughts: at those of joy and merriment—he was planning something for the next day's amusement to divert the melancholy of his friend, for whom he possessed the highest esteem—suddenly a tall thin form, dressed in Indian garb, passed before them: their first impulse was to draw and fire, but did not, seeing that he was unarmed. The Indian stopped a moment, and gazing full upon Henry, he said, in broken English, "We fight to-morrow—or sun go to-morrow's sun go down without leaving a curse upon your head!" and quickly hurried on—he was the Indian prophet, the brother of Tecumseh. They both returned to their encampment, in silence. Henry

were more than usually melancholy, and Robin was unwilling to break in upon the sweetness of his thoughts—he knew what they were.

On the following morning, the 22d of January, the British, and their allies the Indians, presented themselves in battle array—the slaughter of our men was terrible—here the old sexton wept, and said—you know the issue of that deadly conflict; and his face brightening up he continued; but Henry behaved himself like a man—he was a brave soldier. I had a son that perished in the same engagement. He stood upon Henry's left, and Robin on his right—he was a fine lad. Henry and Robin were of the few survivors, and were those who assisted Captain Hart when he was wounded, and were with him when he was massacred, after they were taken prisoners, but were unable to afford him assistance. Henry and Robin, in the partition of the prisoners, were consigned to different warriors, and immediately separated—Henry to the wilderness; but Robin's *master* going to Malden, he was taken with him, where he was redeemed by the philanthropy of the inhabitants. Having secured his own liberty, his first thought was the welfare of his friend. He sought all opportunities to gain information of him—but in vain. He had given up all thought of ever seeing him again, when he met a fierce looking savage leading him through the village for sale; Robin, with the money he had saved from his labour, became the purchaser of his friend Henry. Their meeting was one which the world does not often witness—it was the silent and holy meeting of truest, firmest friends. Henry was changed: two years he had spent in wretchedness, and his strong constitution was beginning to bend to the power of continued misery—his dark and matted hair hung down and shaded his high and manly brow, and the fire of his eye only served to show the feelings of doubt and gloom which reigned within. But a few days rest, and the certainty of again seeing in a short time the smoke curl up from his native chimney, together with the cheering and kind persuasions of Scotch Robin, soon restored him so as to be able to undertake his journey home, accompanied by Robin, who swore never to leave him.

They approached the scenes of Henry's boyhood—breathless he leaped at the door of his father's mansion—he entered—the mournful couple were sitting on each side of the fireplace, gazing on the dying embers in silence. Mrs. Stanley was dressed in a mourning habit—sorrow was fast stealing away those few charms which the tyrant Time in his flight had left her. He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her. Mr. Stanley extended his hand, and in a voice which bespoke the affection of the parent, but at the same time betrayed the wounded pride of the old soldier, he said—

"Harry, thou art welcome."

Henry's head became dizzy, he drew his hand across his brow, and after a short, deep pause, he clasped his hands in agony, and exclaimed—

"Is this the warm salutation I expected from my father?"

"Harry," resumed Mr. Stanley, "I have been a soldier, and never dishonoured the name: you, my son, boasted the same pursuit, and have been justly or unjustly branded as a coward, and degraded from the rank which you held as an officer."

"By heaven! it is false; let me but know my traducer," exclaimed Henry.

"My son! your traducer is the world, and the evidence of it are letters written by your commanding officers, which I myself have seen, and over which I wept; and in that hour of shame and anguish wished thy mother's womb had been barren, or that thou hadst fell fighting as became a brave man. Those letters are now in the possession of your friend, Peyton Arvil; and to-night, your once loved Mary and he are to be married. When she heard of your conduct, she came to me and wept, and bade me "farewell." She said she never could forget her former dreams of your magnanimity and bravery, nor could she think of wedding a man who had so far disgraced himself. She has accepted the offers of the *wealthy* Peyton, her father's first choice."

The father did not perceive that the latter part of his address was unheard, unheeded. He had been a soldier, and was accustomed to use a soldier's language—to speak honestly and bluntly. Henry took upon a chair, and for some time glared ghastly at his stern father. Mrs. Stanley wept; and even the Lowet and light hearted Scotchman sighed, as he said, "By St. Andrew but he maun be a shellum."

Henry arose, and looking wildly around, rushed out of the room with curses quivering on his lips. He was followed by the good Scot, who began to feel that the philosophy of his good humour was not proof against the trials and sufferings of his friend. Not being able to overtake Henry, he returned to Mr. Stanley to clear up the character of his son. Mr. Stanley would not listen to him, or if he did, would not believe him; but looked upon him as one of Henry's underlings, come prepared to swear or do any thing for his paymaster. On all other subjects than that of his honour Mr. Stanley was calm, reasonable, and dignified; but to touch upon this tender point in his character, in any, the most distant manner, was to call down on the head of the aggressor, the impetuous vengeance of a madman.

All the beauty of the village were collected in the bridal hall to witness the marriage ceremonies, and to partake in the hilarity of the evening—there was many a light heart and sparkling eye; many an elegant form and sensitive mind, which sought in the opposite side of the room for their favourite objects of endearment. All was joy and mirth, repressed only by the presence of the Village Parson, who sat in the "big arm chair" enjoying their innocent pleasures. Such was the face of this agreeable little company, when the bride and the joyous bridegroom were ushered into the room by their proper attendants. She, the ill-fated Mary, was not dressed in any of those ornaments usually worn on such occasions: she was only dress'd in the plainest white—the wedding ring, which she had chosen herself, was a chrystal set around with jet. She was lovelier than her companions had ever seen her, but still there was something of gloom upon her countenance, and which was attributed to any other than the true cause. The ceremony had proceeded, the happy bridegroom had given the fatal ring which sealed his villainy to his friend, and his duplicity to the lovely Mary, when a beggard being presented himself before them—Mary fainted in the arms of her attendants, the females shrieked, and the good old man let the prayer book fall to the floor; Peyton stood dumb and motionless—they all recognised in the sorrow-worn countenance, and the wasting form of the being before them, the once elegant and esteemed Henry Stanley. They knew that Mary and he had been engaged, and before they had recovered from their surprise, Henry sprang towards Peyton and gave him a fatal stab—he reeled, and sunk lifeless upon the floor. Henry, with a fiend-like laugh, shouted—"This is your Bridal Hour!!" Mary had not yet recovered—she looked at her earnestly and tenderly, as if there had been no blood upon his soul, and said, "My lovely Mary, art thou too gone?" and sighing deeply, he continued—"The Indian told me true!"

Henry was removed from the room, and conveyed to his distracted mother, but still unbending father, and confined to bed, for a raging fever was fast drying up the already near exhausted current of life, and which imparted a fury and madness to every thing he said or did. After lingering several days the fever abated, and he became able to converse reasonably and with connection. He did not appear to have any recollection of any thing that had transpired since he left his father's house, and was surprised at every thing around him. He was lying on his couch—the heart-broken mother was watching at his head—Mr. Stanley stood at the foot of the bed gazing on the emaciated form of his son, still with the same feelings with which he had welcomed him to his home: nor was the faithful Robin ever from his bedside, nor once his entrance into Mr. Stanley's house was he ever seen to smile. A person of more than ordinary appearance was ushered into the room—he entered without ceremony into the house of mourning—he approached the bedside of Henry, not noticing that any other person was near—Henry's countenance became flushed; a smile mantled his lips, and grasping the stranger's hand, he faintly exclaimed,—"General Winchester." Mrs. Stanley started from her seat; Mr. Stanley gazed at him sternly, as if he was some malignant being come to upbraid him with the disgrace of his son: but Robin paid no attention to any thing that was going on; he saw his Henry's spirit had passed away, and tears were stealing down his pock marked cheek—the first time the gay, good humoured Robin, was ever known to shed a tear. General Winchester still stood gazing on the inanimate form of his favourite Henry. Mrs. Stanley leaned over in extreme agony, and kissed his cold and clammy brow.

General Winchester, turned to Mr. Stanley, who was still gazing upon [illegible], and said,—"I come to save your son from the dishonorable imputations which his false friend, by means of forged letters, had contrived to fix upon him.—I am too late—but I, as his commanding officer, in testimony to the services that he rendered me, do declare that he was honorably acquitted of your humble son's and pray that you will not be unwilling to raise my voice to save the memory of a brave man, from the vile aspersions which have been thrown out against him. I will do my duty to the noble boy, by publishing his valour to the world, which has inspired him to be living the tale of a villain."

Mr. Stanley wept bitterly, and answered,—"Is man such a villain!"—Then turning and looking at his son, he continued—"It is too late! but thank God his memory is redeemed from infamy—his last act will be justifiable with man, and may his God wipe away the crime, if any there be, from his soul.

Preparation was made for the funeral rites. Mrs. Stanley sat and watched by her son, the last and sole action of her race. On the succeeding day the burial took place, superintended by the General and the weeping Robin, who had been kindly recognised by his worthy commandant. He was interred with military honours.——Such was the fate of Henry Stanley, a soldier at the battle of the River Raisin—the father and mother too have gone down to the grave beside him—the inquisitive one of the Stanleys has passed into the strangers' hands—Robert Clymer has returned to his native hills—Mary, the lovely maniac, visits Henry's grave, and strews it with her wild flowers; and yearly, over his breast, plants the "Forget me not."

——In yonder corner is Peyton's grave, overgrown with the bramble and thistle, where the adder may crawl unhurt, and the owl hoot unscared.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE BOSTON BARD.

Thou art dead! the tempest long and loud,
Around thy life barque rose'd;
And long and dark misfortune's cloud,
Over thy pathway lower'd.

Yet ever thro' surrounding gloom
Thy brilliant genius shone,
But to light thy progress to the tomb,
All thou could'st call thine own.

Oh! could not *one* redeeming hand,
Thy life, thy fortunes save?
Or break misfortune's blasting wand,
Or snatch thee from the grave!

Not one—unheeded was thy sigh,
Thy *last* appeal was vain;
Thy song on the passing breeze went by,
A broken hearted strain.

Peace to thy soul! I cannot grieve,
That ills like thine should end;
'Tis better thus—thou should'st not live,
Without a pitying friend.

Perchance that now the grave does close
Over thy wasted form,
Tears will be shed—for all the woes
Of poverty's shrill storm.

And the Bard—they would not kindly save
His song, they may give to Fame;
And pity him, when in the grave:
Rear a column to his name.

His grave—may rear not column there,
'Tis mockery—worldly pride—
Go tell the world—that in despair—
He lone—neglected—died. SELIM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PERFECTION.

All hail to love, redemption's pow'r,
All hail the man whose free-born mind,
Lost to the glitter of an hour,
Hast left its *earthly* chains behind.
No priest, no sect, no *outward* rule
Restrains his course, for he is free:
The mind redeem'd in Heaven's own school
Soars on the wings of Liberty.

His heart beats not at Monarch's nod,
His heart thrills not at beauty's charms;
But wrapt in glory with its God,
It feeleth not the world's alarms,
He views not God *beyond* the grave,
He views not Heav'n when life is o'er;
To life and death no longer slave
He travels not *beyond* that shore.

For hope and fear have died away,
And passion with its dark'ning fire;
He feels the *brightness* of that day,
Beyond which nothing rises high'r.
And all is gone which earth could claim,
And all secur'd which Heav'n has blest,
His soul with God is *one*, the same
In nature, and in *glorious* rest.

That image which love's melting pow'r
Has form'd of Heaven's eternal mould,
Lives only in the *present hour*,
But never, never can grow *old*.
A trillion, trillion years, and then
'Tis still unchang'd, unhanging still;—
The same effulgent life, as when
On *earth*, it mov'd in Heaven's own will. W.

COMMUNICATION.

The First Annual Meeting of the Northern Sunday School Union was held in the Commissioners' Hall, Northern Liberties, on Wednesday evening, April 4th, 1827.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

This Society was first organized at a meeting of the friends of Sunday Schools in the Commissioners' Hall, Northern Liberties, on the evening of the 28th September last.

The design of this union is to embody in an efficient form the talent and piety engaged in, or friendly to, the Sunday School cause, and to promote the opening of new and the increase of old schools within the following limits, viz:—bounded on the north by Sunville and a line running east and west from the river Delaware to the Schuylkill, on the east by the Delaware, on the south by Vine street, and on the west by the Schuylkill, to establish a regular friendly intercourse among the schools, by which means improvement in teaching government, &c. may be easily transmitted; to furnish such schools as be in need with books, whenever the circumstances of the society shall justify the measure, to stimulate each other in promoting the religious instruction of the quarter, and report annually to the American Sunday School Union.

All the Schools within the district have been visited, a few of which have not yet joined this union, but from the cordial reception met with, we are encouraged to expect that those who have not will come forward and co-operate with us in our efforts.—The number of schools now in connexion with this union are 20, containing in all 2653 scholars, with 270 teachers. There are within the bounds of the district 6 schools not connected with this society, having 592 scholars and 60 teachers. Total in the district at present, 26 schools with 327 teachers and 3245 scholars.

The report received from some of the schools in connexion with this union are of a pleasing nature, and lead us to hope that this society will, by the blessing of Divine Providence, become useful to the Sunday School cause in the district. There have been 16 teachers and 13 scholars belonging to the schools connected with this union by a public profession united to the followers of the Lord Jesus since its organization, and a number of others of both teachers and scholars manifest a pleasing concern for their eternal welfare, whose names we hope ere long will be enrolled among the servants of God.

The receipts and expenditures have been as follows, viz:

Received from 49 annual subscribers,	38 50
Donations,	16 87
Total	55 37
Expended for books, stationary, &c	11 12
Balance in treasury,	44 25

In conclusion we express our thankfulness to the Supreme Ruler of the world for the manifest success that has attended Sunday School instruction, and humbly implore that the Northern Sunday School Union may be made the means in his hands of bringing many souls to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom to know aright is life ever lasting.

JACK TARS.

For a few days past, says the N. York Morning Chronicle, we have noticed, at our places of public amusements, and in carriages, rapidly driving through the streets, a number of persons whose roundabout jackets, blue short collars, and tarpaulin or white sou'wester hats, denote that they are seamen of our navy. Whenever a U. S. ship arrives in our harbor, we see for a short time, these jovial and thoughtless beings, dodging into almost every place; to enter which there must be money expended, or rolling along the streets in hackney coaches, eyeing every flunk they pass with a careless glance, while their countenances fairly shine with excess of happiness. They are indeed happy creatures. They lead, it is true, a miserable life—one of privation, difficulty and danger, but yet they are happy. At sea, not a care disturbs the tranquility of their feelings. In rain and shine, in calm and tempest, the same unclouded brow bespeaks the unruffled state of all within: the watch below succeeds the watch on deck; pleasant weather must follow the storm—and these are the only alterations that occur to break the general monotony of their life. The hour of serving grog, until it arrives, affords something to wish for; when it is past, they collect in messes around their kids and cans, and their lowly fare is enjoyed with a better relish, a keener appetite, and a lighter heart, than often belong to the guests at the rich man's table. It is while on shore that they are less happy perhaps, than at any other period of their existence. Every thing is new and strange to them, and they feel uncomfortable. They must not go to sea again till they have spent the last penny of their two or three years' hard earnings and they throw away their money with unthinking prodigality, that they may be more be upon their fortune element. Poor fellows! they enjoy *life* according to their own notions—and those who censure their profusion and pity them for their hardships—are they happier themselves? The day may come to be sure, when the rigging and spars of these hapless vessels shall be carried away, and the weather-beaten hulk be obliged to haul into dock; and then it would be well, had enough power been reserved to defend them from the enemies that may attack them in their crippled state; but this is a thought that never enters into a seaman's soul; *dum ventus ventum*, (though not many of them understand latin) is their motto. The winds that may accompany age and not their absence before them to darken the present hour—and indeed why need they? for few of them live to be old. Well, we love to see a seaman's jovial face; and hope that the hardy boys who have been just paid off from "the old States," and are now enjoying a small land cruise, may have a pleasant breeze on the ocean, and plenty of money while on shore.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Editors,—I wish to enquire through the medium of your paper, of an Executor, whose question appeared March 31st, if the $30,000 was put out at simple or compound interest? If the former, then the solution of Mc——, which appeared April 14th, must be incorrect, as he converts each two years interest into principal, thereby occasioning a difference in the total amount (and of course a loss to the Executor,) of $1055 37 1000 L.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Atkinson & Alexander,

In the Evening Post, No. 288, it was required to divide 200 lbs of indigo, in two quantities of equal value, so that one quantity should be worth 50 cents per pound more than the other; and as I could never since find an answer to this question in your paper, I was induced to make a trial thereon, and have found the following solution:

The first quantity,
108,376253 lbs. at $2,7706906313 =
Other quantity,
91,723747 lbs at $3,2706906313 =
Lititz, May 10, 1827.

THE EVENING POST.

$2 PER ANNUM—*in advance.*

All subscriptions if not paid within the year, will be charged $3—and $1 25 for six months

MEDICAL PRIZE ESSAY.

We understand that number *thirty-nine* of the Medical Recorder, (now in press,) will contain two essays for which premiums have been awarded; one on Dropsies and the other on Gangrenoptis. Dr. Cross, of Kentucky, is the author of the former, and Dr. Jackson of Northumberland, Pa. of the latter.

We understand that six or eight prize essays have already been published in the Medical Recorder. The premiums were of the value of one hundred dollars, fifty dollars, &c.

LITERARY.

"The Prairie," the new novel from the pen of the author of "the Pioneers," has been published by Messrs. Carey, Lea, & Carey, within a few days.

Miss Edgeworth has in the press a volume of Dramatic Tales for Children, intended as an additional volume of Parent's Assistant.

It is stated that Dr. Percival, the poet, is about to edit another edition of Malte Brun's Geography.

LOCAL OCCURRENCES.

On Saturday last a waggoner from Pittsburg, of the name of Bear, started from this city, with his team, on his return home, after having sold his flour. About nine miles on the West Chester Road he was stopped by two men who demanded his money. He resisted so vigorously and successfully that he mastered the two men and had them both on the ground when two other villians came to their assistance, knocked the waggoner down, stabbed him with a knife through the coat twenty-two times, five of them entering the body.—They then robbed him of about 40 dollars. He was found bleeding and exhausted on the ground, and carried to a neighbouring house where he now lies dangerously ill. These are the same gang which lately broke into a house near the Rising Sun, on the Germantown road.

About noon on Sunday, two men went into the Drug Store at the corner of Fourth and Wood streets; one of them seized a negro wench, left in the care of the store, by the throat, while the other took what money was in the drawer, said to be about twenty dollars. They then both effected their escape.

A man was stopped on Monday night, in Spruce street, between Broad and Thirteenth streets, by three men, who demanded his money. On the alarm being given, two of the fellows made their escape, the third was taken by a watchman, and is now in custody.

A large fire occurred on Saturday night. It originated in a stable, in Front street, between Maiden street and Poplar Lane, which together with a chairmaker's shop was speedily consumed. It then spread to a lumber yard, in which a large quantity of lumber was destroyed. If the wind had been strong at North West, it would undoubtedly have gone to the river, taking the Lehigh Navigation Company and much other property, in its course. The names of the sufferers are Mr. Philip Holzell, Mr. John E Keen, whose loss is estimated at 1000 dollars, and Mr. Robert Wallace, whose loss is upwards of 3000 dollars.

On Tuesday evening last, a little boy, between two and three years of age, son of Mr. Thomas Megaw, fell into the Delaware, at Chesnut street wharf. His sister, a young lady about sixteen, who was in company with him, without reflecting upon the probable consequences to herself, plunged into the river, and caught hold of him. In this situation they would soon have sunk and perished together, had it not been for the timely aid of Captain Peterson.

COMMUNICATION.

RAPID TRAVELLING.

We have it from pretty good authority that passengers were landed in this city, on Tuesday, in forty five hours from Richmond, Virginia by the Commercial Line steamboat Franklin, Captain Manly, which arrived at Arch street wharf at half past five o'clock, A. M. A number of her passengers proceeded on to New York in the Citizens' Line steamboat, and where landed in all probability by five o'clock the same afternoon, making a distance of about five hundred miles in fifty-six hours.

William Worrall who died last winter in Pennsylvania, was born in Marble township, 14 miles from Philadelphia in November, 1730. A friend has lately published some reminiscences collected from the old gentleman a short time before his death. Among others, Mr. Worrell stated that he never saw coffee or tea, until he was twenty years of age. His father brought some tea from Philadelphia; and his aunt, who lived with them and had the charge of the house, did not know how to use it until she received information from one of her most refined neighbours. This prudent conduct was not imitated by one of her incautious friends, who boiled the leaves and buttered them.

Within a few days there have been one hundred and fifty arrivals at New York; the whole brought about fifteen hundred passengers, the greater part of whom are emigrants from Great Britain. A late number of the Glasgow Chronicle says, that several of the persons about to abandon their native home for the U. States have long been in Glasgow, and were considered as the most efficient in their respective trades. To such persons a hearty welcome is always extended.

On Friday, the 4th instant, Mr. Stichbary, of the Mount Pit Circus, N. Y. was killed in the following melancholy manner. In company with others, he was amusing himself with a swing, attached to a tree in the yard of Mr. Walter Williams, a short distance from the city, when a horse with a wagon took fright, broke through the fence, and came in contact with Mr. S. when on the point of descending; the shaft struck him in the side, and mangled him in a horrid manner. The unfortunate man was conveyed to Mr. W.'s house, where he survived only two hours. The wound inflicted was of a nature which rendered surgical aid superfluous.

It is stated in the Elkton Press that the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal is nearly finished from Delaware City to St. George's, a distance of four miles, and through the marshes, which offered the greatest difficulties to its completion. The contractors expect to carry the Managers in a sloop through this part of the Canal on the 28th inst.

On Wednesday night week an attempt was made to rob the great southern mail from New York, between New-Brunswick and Kingston. The villians cut the stern boat, and succeeded in taking off the newspaper, bags only, no others being outside. The bags were afterwards found in the woods, cut to pieces. The knife was besmeared with blood. The robber will probably be detected by the wound.

The capillary lamp is a beautiful little invention. The small glass tube is fixed in a little metal bowl, with the concave up, for the purpose of floating it in spermaceti oil. By presenting a lighted paper to the top of the tube, the air rarifies, the oil rises and is ignited, and it continues to burn at the rate of a spoonful and a half for 12 or 14 hours, with a bright gas like flame. As the ignition proceeds, the tube becomes tipped with the charcoal, which subsequently requires to be cleared away. The defect seems to be that the thin glass, of which the tube is made, appears to be gradually burnt off and to scale away. A more incombustible material, or a set of the glass tubes accompanying each lamp, and to be readily fixed to them, would make this lamp as perfect as could be desired.

HURRICANES.

A tremendous storm was experienced on the 24th ult. in Virginia. Its direction was from the west, towards the sea. Several houses were uprooted, some utterly demolished, and many of their inhabitants severely bruised, and in some instances their bones broken, so as greatly to endanger their lives. The fury of the storm, and the destruction thereby occasioned, are without a parallel in that section of the country.

A very heavy northeast gale took place at Quebec, which did considerable damage to the shipping.

FORGING BY STEAM.

Under this imposing head, the Macon (Geo.) Telegraph tells us, a machine has been invented for making Lee's Pills by steam, and by means of which five perkas can be manufactured in a minute; from which an inference appears to be drawn that hereafter the inhabitants of Guy. Troup's domain may yet live to see grey hairs.

An Old Bachelor in Ohio, by way of a set off to Gen. M'Clure's proposition to tax Bachelors instead of dogs, proposes as follows—hear him. "Let every one who is tired of conjugal felicity pay a certain fee to the state for a divorce, according to his ability; and it will not only supercede the necessity of taxing dogs, but there will be an end of taxes of any kind. And if government will give me the privilege of unmarrying all those who wish to be unmarried in the United States, I will pledge myself to pay the National Debt in three years."

MANUFACTURING OF FLANNELS.

Between Salisbury and Amesbury, and about three miles above Newburyport, Mass. the river Powow discharges itself into the Merrimack. On the Salisbury side of this stream is a flannel factory that employs 80 hands, and manufactures weekly 100 pieces of flannel, and pays yearly $20,000 for labor. On the Amesbury side of the Powow is a factory that employs 180 workmen, manufactures 200 pieces of flannel per week, and pays annually $40,000 for labor. A new building is erecting, which will contain 10,000 spindles, and manufacture 400 pieces of flannel per week.

The President and faculty of the Columbian College, at Washington, having resigned their station in consequence of the great pecuniary embarrassments of the institution, the board of trustees have declared a vacation until the second Wednesday in September next. They express a hope that by that time they will be able to procure a faculty of the highest qualifications, and to recommence the operations of the college under more favorable auspices.

A correspondent of the New York American says, "that a new mineral spring about two miles below the Falls of Niagara, on the American side, has attracted considerable attention. The water of this spring has proved beneficial to several persons in ill health, who have visited it. A bottle of it has been brought to this city, and has been tested by a medical gentleman. He finds that it contains sulphuric and muriatic acid, magnesia and lime. This will be quite a convenience to the company visiting the falls of Niagara. They can view the sublime and beautiful scenes in that vicinity, and at the same time make use of the healing and salubrious waters of this fountain."

Waters, a tenant has recovered in the Baltimore court, $200 damages of Cuchens, his landlord, for excessive distress. The landlord entered the premises with his bailiff, attached every article of furniture, one bed and a cradle, in which was an infant, excepted, and these the officer refused to touch—the landlord drew from the fire a skillet in which was the breakfast of the children, poured its contents on the floor, and took the article—the debt was $27.

Nine valuable horses, belonging to the Erie line of stages, were poisoned in Cleaveland, Ohio, last week, four of which died.—On examination, the appearance of the stomach and intestines, says the Herald, strongly indicated the presence of *corrosive sublimate*, and circumstances warrant the suspicion that it was administered designedly.

Dr. G. Troost and Mr. C. Leseur of the New Harmony Society in Indiana, have made a most important discovery, in a tour they took to the Missouri lead mines lately. They found at Mr. Valle's digging in Jefferson county, Missouri, and at other places in the neighbourhood great plenty of *Calamite*, the ore of Zinc, usually employed to make brass, and in furnish spelter. It was unknown to the workmen there, and thrown away as useless, under the name of *drybone*.

By a letter received at Charleston from New-Orleans, dated 17th ult. we learn that a fire occurred in that city on the 15th, commencing in a carpenter's shop, next the residence of Madame Destorges, in St. Philip street, which consumed nearly half the square opposite the theatre. The theatre was considerably injured, before the flames were finally extinguished.

The dwelling house and cabinet shop of Mr. Philip Ross, and a building occupied by Miss Ann Cherry, in the village of Clarkson, New York, were consumed by fire on the night of the 4th instant, and what adds to the horrors of this conflagration, is the loss of two lives! The son of Mr. Ross, ten years of age, and a young man named Luther Brace, about 20 years old, were consumed in the flames.

A mistake has occurred in awarding the meed of praise, for the munificent benefactions made by the late Moses Brown, Esq. of the town of Newburyport, to another gentleman of the same name in Providence, R. I. who still lives—although it is perhaps a rather singular coincidence that two individuals of the same name should have lived the greater part of a century under very similar circumstances. Both lived in patriarchal simplicity—both acquired fortunes by their probity and industry—were without ostentation in their dress, habits and manners—both were universally beloved, and both were emphatically philanthropists. And although one belongs to the Society of Friends, and the other a Hopkinsonian, both were good men, and no doubt will one day meet where all sects are swallowed up in the beatific one of "just men made perfect."

The Anniversary of the American Bible Society was held in New York last week. By the Report of the Managers it appears that the receipts of the Society during the year ending 1st of May, have amounted to $64,704 13—which is $11,774 19 more than those of the preceding year. Of the whole amount $35,266 23 were received in payment for Bibles and Testaments, $19,282 82 as free donations, $4,225 as subscriptions to pay the debt on the Society's House, and $2,270 as permanent loan. The amount of expenditures is $66,532 32. Within the past year there have been printed at the Society's establishment, or are now in press, 45,600 Bibles and 35,700 Testaments. There have been purchased 171 German and Dutch Bibles, and 331 German Testaments. Total 76,734, which added to 532,902, before reported, make a grand total of six hundred and nine thousand, six hundred and thirty six, printed or purchased by the Society since its formation in 1818.

DREADFUL FIRE!

Reading, May 15—We understand that on Saturday morning last, at about 7 o'clock, a dreadful fire occurred at Stumpstown, in Lebanon county, about 9 miles north of Lebanon, by which nearly the whole town was destroyed. Upwards of 60 of the best buildings in the place were consumed. The wind was high, there was no engines, and the inhabitants had nought to do but save such articles of furniture as they could grasp, and vainly see the remainder of their property consumed by the devouring element. And, reader, how do you think this calamity was produced? By a boy shooting at blackbirds which were sitting on the roof of a barn!

HORRIBLE DEPRAVITY.

Otho Shipley of Baltimore county, 23 miles from the city of Baltimore, on going to the spring about five weeks since, found one of his children, three years old, dead in the spring, the water in which, was not more than three or four inches deep: suspicion resting upon no particular person, it was supposed to have been an accident. The spring was afterwards covered with boards, sufficient room only being left to dip out the water. About two weeks afterwards, another child named Jemima, about six years old, was found dead in the spring, from which the boards had been removed; the face of the child was in the water, and had upon it marks of violence. Suspicion then attached to a black girl, who had nursed the children, but not sufficient to enable them to extort a confession from the negro, in consequence of her age, which was only ten years. Mr. Shipley, however, determined upon sending the black girl to his father's, from whence he had got her, and mentioned the circumstances. The negro girl had not been at her master's more than two weeks, before a black child was found dead, having been suffocated; she afterwards requested another negro child to lay her head upon a block, and taking up an axe, said she would show her how they killed chickens; the child became alarmed, and ran from her. At night she was discovered in a room in which some of the ladies of the house usually slept, and was turned out; in about an hour afterwards, she was discovered getting to at the window, and being asked what she wanted, she said that she had come to tell them that it was she who had killed Jemima, (the child of Mr. Shipley, mentioned above,) and on being questioned, acknowledged that she had also killed the negro girl, and related the particulars of the murder of Jemima, as follows:—She was with the child in the garden, and struck her—the child returned the blow, she (the negro) then took a handful of sand, and stuffed it into her mouth, and took her to the spring, where she immersed her face in the water, until she supposed she was dead; she then left her and went toward the house; but hearing the child cry, to make sure of her own words, "she went back and finished it."

The above narration we have had from a source that entitles it to full credit, and we do not remember ever to have heard of a transaction in which so early an age, such a shocking depravity has been displayed.—*Balt. Com. Chron.*

The Baltimore Chronicle says:—"We understand that the Girl, has been examined by the proper authority, and has substantiated by her confession every part of it, with the exception of getting in at the window, her hands having only been extended up towards it."

HORRIBLE ASSASSINATION.

One of the most horrible instances of deliberate assassination that we have ever been called upon to record, was committed in the vicinity of Albany, N. Y. on Monday evening week, the particulars of which we copy from the papers of that city.

The victim was Mr. John Wipple, who, whilst writing in a back room in the second story of his dwelling-house on Cherry Hill, a mile below the city, between 9 and 10 o'clock at night, was fired at through the sash, with a pistol. The ball passed through and shattered a pane of glass, entered the body of Mr. Whipple through the blade bone of his left shoulder, cut one of the principal arteries of the heart, and lodged in the right lobe of the lungs. A gentleman was sitting in the room with Mr. Whipple, but in the confusion of the moment no pursuit could be made; for none was any measures taken and information was conveyed to the police of the city. When he was shot, he rose from his seat, exclaimed, "My God! what was that!" and made for the door at the end of the room, descended a step or two, fell, and instantly expired. The wife of Mr. W had been in the room but a moment before, and the next time she saw her husband he was a lifeless corpse. Her feelings may be easier imagined than described. It appears that the murderer was deliberate in the prosecution of his bloody purpose. He succeeded in getting within reach of his victim by climbing the wood shed in the rear of and adjoining the house, and at the time he fired could not have been more than three or four yards from him. He ascended the shed by carrying to it two old boxes that were near by and placing one upon the top of the other. By his tracks it appears he attempted to get up with the use of one box, but that not being high enough, he brought the other to his aid. He was barefoot, and his tracks were the next morning distinctly traced along the roof of the shed and for some distance from the house after he had done the bloody deed. Mr. Whipple was in the prime of life, industrious, enterprising, and fair in all his transactions. He was respected as a valuable and intelligent citizen. He has been cut off in the midst of his usefulness, leaving a bereaved widow and an interesting young son to lament his untimely fate. Mr. W. returned from New York on Sunday night, where he had completed an advantageous contract connected with the Hudson and Delaware canal, in the construction of which he had participated largely; and was at the moment arranging his papers for a departure from the city. As it may well be conceived, an affair so atrocious and so unusual amongst us, has excited great feeling and indignation; and no effort will be spared to detect the assassin. The corporation of the city has offered a reward of $250 for that purpose. No cause, except upon conjecture, has been assigned for the commission of this deed. The circumstances under which it was perpetrated—in the most populous of the environs of the city, in a dwelling where there were several individuals and particularly in the face of a person sitting beside the deceased, after clambering also with much difficulty to an elevation equal with the second story, and all this in a bright moon light evening—mark it as one of the boldest, as it is one of the blackest, in the annals of crime. It is now ascertained that the true name of the person confined in gaol, on suspicion of murdering Mr. Whipple, is a Jew Strang. Circumstances are continually developing which increase the belief of his guilt. Governor Clinton has offered a reward of *five hundred dollars* for the apprehension of the murderer.

SHOCKING MURDER!

New-York, May 17.—A most horrid murder was committed in this city at seven o'clock yesterday, by a labouring man named Alexander M'Lane, upon the body of his wife. The deed was perpetrated at the house of a Mr. Gardner, No. 71 Worcester street. Rennen Gardner, an interesting young woman, was the only witness examined. She stated that M'Lane came to the house of Mrs. Gardner between 10 and 11 o'clock, and had some dispute with his wife, Maria M'Lane, who was sewing in the family; after which, he went away, and returned again at about 12 o'clock. His wife was at this time dressing herself, and she went away from him, saying that she did not want to see him. She did not leave the room, however, but her husband followed her about. Witness suddenly heard a shriek, and saw M'Lane draw a large Knife from his wife's side, and saw the knife bloody. Mrs. M'Lane then ran down stairs, with her hand on her side, and the blood streaming down her clothes.—She then sat down, saying—"Mrs. Gardner, my husband has stabbed me." She died in about an hour after wards. The knife was brought to the Police-office, bloody. It is a large butchers knife, entirely new, and evidently purchased for the murderous object. M'Lane showed no disposition to escape. An alarm was given, and several citizens came in and arrested him, and brought him to the Police. Here he pretended to be quite stupid—alleging that he had taken arsenic, and that a doctor had given him an emetic to bring it up. A small quantity of arsenic was found upon him. The deceased was a young woman, of about 24 years of age. She had only lived happily since her marriage, and her husband's habits are intemperate. In March last, he was arrested for abusing his wife, and committed to bridewell, but was soon afterwards bailed out, and security given for his good behaviour.

Capt. Ewen, of the brig Mary Livingston, arrived at New York from San Juan, states that the different provinces in Central America were in a state of anarchy and civil war. Business of all kinds was at a stand; sales could not be effected either for cash or produce. No confidence whatever existed among the citizens. Agriculture was neglected; by advices from the indigo districts the crop of this article would fall short 2-3ds. of an average crop; the whole export of the republic is computed at 65,000 lbs. for the present year. The revolutionists were rapidly destroying the cattle. Hides, &c. which had hitherto formed an important item of export, were daily becoming scarce. The many foreigners who had entered into mining speculations, fled no prospect of realizing their golden dreams, and many that came to the country in affluence, are now reduced to penury and want. The province of Nicaragua was involved in a serious and calamitous war. The cities of Leon and Granada had made war upon the cities of Managua and Masaya; the latter city was surrounded by the troops of the former cities, and was hourly expected to surrender. The city of Messiah had been plundered by the contending parties. Various reasons were alledged as the cause of these troubles, viz. that the Peru dent wished to change the form of the government from a federal to a central; but the most plausible reason is the extreme ignorance of the people, their vague ideas of liberty, and the animosity existing among the colored people (who compose seven eighths of the population) against the whites, who hold the reigns of government.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

From papers received at New York.

The following extract from a letter from Constantinople, of March 1, published in a Paris paper, shows with what ease a Turkish Court of Inquiry can settle a doubtful question:

"On Friday last, the 23d, the Grand Seignior having gone to perform his monday prayers at the Mosque of the Janissaries, two vessels of war anchored in the neighbourhood, saluted him as he passed. A ball, discharged from one of the cannon, happened to wound one of the rowers of the boat which followed immediately behind that of the sultan. The event gave rise to many conjectures. It is not known whether it was the result of accident or of a criminal intention.—The captain of the vessel has been strangled with all his crew."

A most surprising and dreadful occurrence lately took place in one of the provinces of France. A counterfeiter, who had been condemned to be hung, made his escape on the way to the gallows, and took refuge in an hospital. After some search he was found, as was thought, disguised. He was carried off, uttering not a syllable, but gesticulating vehemently, and executed. It was shortly afterwards discovered that the officers had hung a deaf and dumb brother of the convict, who had resided long in the hospital.—The real criminal was recommended to the royal clemency.

NAPOLEON.

Paris, March 29—The son of Napoleon has attained his sixteenth year; he is now of age.—The empire of St. Helena left him by his will clear with the testimony of a name which he will not bear some articles of dress and furniture, the possession and use of which of course will probably not be interdicted him. These articles are, at present in the possession of M. Marchand, the emperor's valet de chambre, who is about to proceed to Vienna, to deliver them into the hands of the duke of Reichstadt. Before carrying away these

precious objects, which announce the state of grandeur in which the man who once possessed one half of the world found himself at the moment of his death. M. Marchand permitted some friends to see these veritable robes, consecrated by glory and misfortune. Let us now describe the inheritance left by him, who once thought he should have been able to leave his family thrones and nations, and who has bequeathed to his son only some tattered garments; three uniforms; one of the National Guard, another of the First Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, and the third of the Mounted Chasseurs of the Guard, each bearing the Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor; a thread-bare black coat, made out of a surtout which the emperor sometimes wore when he wished to quit the Tuileries incog. for materials to replenish his wardrobe. Napoleon, unwilling to be indebted to the English had his old clothes repaired and altered, and wore them until they became tattered. A capot of green cloth with two rows of button. This was the last garment the emperor wore; he had it on the day he was forced to take his death bed; an old hoad [chapeau] of a round and shallow shape, somewhat narrower at top than at bottom. A blue cloak, the collar embroidered with gold, which Napoleon wore on the field of battle; it was this cloak that covered him when laid out in state, and served as a pall to his coffin when he was borne to the foot of the willow tree, the melancholy shade of which he loved so much. Apropos—of the bed of state upon which the emperor lay surrounded by the countless of his misfortune, let us mention a fact but little known.—The English garrison marched through the chamber of death; each soldier as he passed before the body gave the military salute, and the officers took the frozen hand of Buonaparte and pressed it respectfully; a sergeant who had with him his son, a child seven years of age, knelt down at the foot of the bed, and said, while the tears stood in his eyes: "my son, there lies what was Napoleon the Great!" To resume the list—a three cocked hat, lined with green silk and padded; this, though in a bad condition, has something extremely imposing; it is impossible not to imagine when you regard it, that you see the noble forehead of the hero under its little cockade, before which, all the bonnets of Europe were lowered. A grey capot, the texture of which is so used, that one fears to touch it. This article of Napoleon's dress is very curious, it appears the emperor attached a certain degree of importance to its possession; it in fact recalled to him many an extraordinary circumstance. He had it on when he quitted the Island of Elba; had traversed Russia with it; he had put it on at the battle of Lutzen, and also wore it at Waterloo; a pair of silver spurs; two silver bottles to contain water for Napoleon's use, when he went to hunt; a silver telescope; a silver hand basin, and camp dressing case. The cordons and jewels of the orders which the emperor wore. Two cases containing snuff-boxes, upon which, were the portraits of the princes of Napoleon's family, and of those of the house of Bourbon; amongst the latter were the portraits of the Countess of Provence, of Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette, and the Duchess d'Angoulême. Several of these snuff-boxes had ancient medals set in them; that which the hero oftenest used had the head of Alexander the Great. A pomnet box filled with candied liquorice. The alarm watch of Frederic the Great; Napoleon got it at Berlin, and had it always in his tent when with the army. A square time piece, pendule, in gilded bronze, the only one which was at Longwood; a singular coincidence gives particular interest to this piece of clock work; *it stopped an hour before the death of the Emperor*, though it had been wound up a few hours before, and had never before stopped. It has never gone since, and at present marks the hour at which its movements ceased. Some articles for the toilette table, brushes, &c. Some old broken boots; as Napoleon was unwilling to wear boots of English manufacture, some of the companions of his exile had endeavoured to make others to replace those which were no longer fit for the sovereign's use. A piece of the blood stained shirt which was around the body of the Emperor when it was opened. A locket containing some dark chesnut hair beginning to turn grey. Lastly, the beard and mustachios, which during the emperor's last illness, had grown an inch in length, and which M. Marchand cut off and preserved.

In the last week of March, a large "Mechanics' Meeting," was held at Birmingham, England.—The following extract is from the speech of the gentleman who opened the meeting.

"In the first half year of 1826, not less than 3000 prudent and skilful tradesmen and merchants were reduced to bankruptcy. These unforseen and arbitrary alterations in the currency recorded against them a sentence of pauperism and loss of character; and against the working classes a sentence of starvation. I cannot express, but every man who hears me can appeal to his own feelings to tell, the agony of the struggle, the vain, hopeless struggle, these victims made for the preservation of fortune, character, and life. Meanwhile the capitalist, the fund holder, the landlord and the monopolist, profit by the ruin of the industrious and productive classes. They stand ready with their masses of wealth to purchase the productions of the labouring classes at the lowest ebb of price to which they are arbitrarily reduced, and the agriculturist as well as the manufacturer, is sacrificed to their power. It has been strongly argued that it is better to return to the level of *low* prices than to the *high* level, and that by the rise in value of commodities the labourer is injured, as the rise in the value of his wages do only follow that rise at a distance; he is, in fact, injured and sacrificed by all fluctuations; but when the produce of his labour rises, he at least continues employed, his confidence in himself and the confidence of his master are maintained, and his wages quickly follow the rise in the value of goods. But in the fall his ruin is rapid and complete; he gets no employment at all, and when the prices seem to have settled, it is but slowly that the manufacturer ventures again to employ him, or that his confidence in himself returns.

"The fall in wages is soonest felt where very powerful machinery is employed, as in Manchester. Not that it is my opinion that machinery is in itself injurious to the people; on the contrary, I am sure it is most calculated to advance their happiness and to multiply their comforts. It is only when the channels of the distribution of its benefits are interfered with, that it becomes more suddenly destructive. As an instance of this I need only say, that it is an undeniable and notorious fact, that men in the district of Manchester are actually toiling *sixteen hours a day for the miserable pittance of 3s. 9d. a week.* And think not, fellow townsmen, that this ruin will not spread itself here; it is fast approaching, though with silent step—fresh hands are being daily turned out of employ, and wages are greatly reduced. I know men lately in my employment, who could earn 21s a week, who are now working for the parish at 9s. per week, and to obtain even that they must put forth strength almost superhuman. There is one man who has to maintain himself, a wife and three children, under five years of age, on less than 1s. 6d. per day, and to obtain this he has to wheel one hundred weight and a half of sand 18 miles up a steep hill, and return the same distance with the empty barrow—a species of labour more severe to him from his being unaccustomed to it, and from the want of necessary food to recruit exhausted nature; after this toil he must return home, to cheer with his wife and children; and this you well know, is by no means a solitary case. There is another instance of a man lately in my employment, who is entirely without work, and only receives two shillings per week from the parish. I mention these facts to prove, that if any time is proper for the labourer to assert and endeavour to regain his rights it is now; for the minds of men are gradually led to bear their sufferings with comparative complacence; then it is that they sink into servility, and it becomes very uncertain whether they will arouse to a sense of duty.

TO BUTTER MAKERS.

Few articles of living are more indispensably necessary in a family, than good butter; and few that are more nauseous and unhealthy than bad butter, and a very great proportion of the butter brought to the market is bad. And much that is called good, is very bad when compared with that which is really good. This must, in a great degree, be owing to a want of knowledge in those who make it. If those who keep cows would adopt the following method of making butter, they would have more and better butter than they can have in any other way. Let your milk pails, pans, and churns, be always clean and sweet; let the milk you keep over night, be churned with what you milk in the morning while the latter is warm. In this way your butter will be sweet; and if you work out the butter-milk, and salt it well, it will be solid and good, and command the highest price in market. Many persons while churning are in a habit of putting water into the churn, and also of washing their butter with water, this is a bad practice, and should be avoided by all who wish their butter to remain sweet.

Sir Geo. Collyer describing the pestilential climate of Sierra Leone, says, that after a heavy fall of rain, and the sun striking on the ground with vertical power, the vapour from the vegetable matter overrunning the streets is so perceptible, that, in drawing breath, he could feel he was inhaling a vapour which he compared to gas from coal.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

It is stated in the Philadelphia Sentinel that the government have surrendered the large bond exacted from Lippincott's & Co. before their teas in the Custom House Stores were given up, and their property has been fully restored to them.

A Mr. M'Kenny was lately married to Mrs. Mary Jackson, both of Harper's Ferry, he being the ladies fifth husband, and she only in her twenty-eighth year. What a blue beard she must be.

A gang has been detected in Painesville, Ohio, in counterfeiting American half-dollars, and Spanish dollars.

The Physicians of Connecticut have resolved that they do not consider it their duty to visit their patients on the Sabbath, unless satisfied that the case is urgent.

A Kentucky runaway is advertised as having part of his nose bitten off—and it is called an indelible mark.

Ripe cherries were for sale in Richmond, Va. on the 1st of May; and strawberries had been brought to market for some days previous.

Mr. Grammer, in N. H. was sentenced to pay a fine of $1000, and agree to keep the peace for six months, for "abusing" his wife. He must take care in future how he conjugates his verbs.

A writer in the Charleston Courier says, that according to an article in the Christian Advocate, it appears that the city of Charleston, with about one-sixth of the population of New-York, has contributed three fold more to the American Bible Society than N. York!

The annual amount of ardent spirits consumed in the United States, is not less than 45,000,000 gallons, which supposing the drinking population to be a million persons, would give them an allowance of a pint of ardent spirits per day.

In the late acquired territory for the people of Georgia, there are, according to the calculation of the surveyor general himself, about 5,000,000 acres of land and water.—The greater part of the whole territory is good land and well watered.

Purchases, to the amount of $50,000 have been made of wood lands, on the Bayous Cailou, Black, &c. in the vicinity of La Fourche, for the purpose of establishing large plantations of sugar cane, for which the soil is remarkably well calculated.

Forty five prisoners of the Ohio Penitentiary signed an agreement by which their punishment was commuted to working on the Columbus lateral canal. They have commenced their labors.

Counterfeit Notes of the denomination of one hundred dollars, of the Reading Bank, are in circulation.

A person employed as a runner in the United States Bank, was detected last week in defrauding that institution to the amount of Two Thousand dollars.

A large number of citizens amounting to nearly a thousand, assembled in Columbus, Ohio, on the 31st ult. and celebrated with a procession and a dinner, the commencement of the "Lateral Canal."

The friends of Duke Bernard, Saxe Weimar, will be pleased to learn that he was in good health at Weimar at the end of last February, and intended soon to publish an account of his interesting and extensive tour in these United States.

From the Miner's Journal we learn that from the 4th to the 10th inst. both days inclusive: Twenty-two boats left Mount Carbon for Philadelphia, having on board five hundred and twenty-one tons of Coal, many tons of wheat, flaxseed, and other articles of produce.

From the Annual Report of the Regents of the University of New York, dated the 3d ult. it appears that the number of students in the colleges of the state is as follows:—Columbia college, 127; Union, 183, Hamilton 90; and Geneva, 57; Total, 457.

Meetings of the gentlemen of the Bar, and the officers of the Courts, have been held in most of the counties in the State, and resolutions passed expressive of respect and veneration for the memory of the late Chief Justice Trighman.

A splendid Arcade is to be erected at Providence, R. I. The stock 100,000 dollars, is all taken up.

The capital of the fifteen banks in Boston, is 11,550,000 dollars. Specie on hand, on Saturday last, 823,000.

By the returns of the forty-four banks in Rhode Island, the aggregate amount of specie in the vaults is not short of half a million.

The ground was covered with snow at Rochester, N. Y. on the 6th inst. From various parts of the country we learn that the season is extremely backward.

The Cheraw S. C. Spectator of the 14th inst. says—"A severe frost has nearly destroyed the gardens, and ice of very considerable thickness was to be seen in various places this morning."

The following are the numbers drawn, on the 9th instant, in the Rhode Island Lottery:

28, 1, 48, 43, 9, 58, 56, 54, 6.

The U. S. corvette Cyane, capt. Elliot, from the coast of Brazil, was at St. Barts, 21st ult. to sail for St. Thomas in a few days.

The U. S. ships John Adams, capt. Wilkinson, and Hornet, capt. Claxton, were at Key West 30th April, just arrived from Havana.

The Albany Daily Advertiser states, that on last Saturday, one of the Northern coaches, on its way to that city, was crossing the bridge over Moseskill, in the town of Fort Edward, when it gave way, and a man, a woman, and a boy, with two of the horses, were drowned.

The New Orleans papers of the 21st of April, state that the steamboat Olive Branch, was entirely destroyed by fire, with all her furniture, on the above morning. No other damage of consequence was sustained.

Lorenzo Dow arrived at Tuscumbia, Alabama, on the 20th ultimo, and lost no time in giving notice that he would preach the following day, that he had certain religious tracts for sale, and also, an extensive stock of Dow's family medicine.

Mr. Seigfried E. Walter, employed as a clerk and assistant in the school attached to the Franklin Institute, last week, absconded with four hundred and thirty dollars, belonging to the master, it being quarter day.

Browere has finished a bust of E. Forrest, as Wilhelm Tell.

The Warren (Pa.) Gazette mentions that Miss Sarah Owen, recovered last week, $300 damages in a suit against Johnston Wilson, for a breach of promise.

The river at Pittsburg on the 11th inst. was 7½ feet above low water mark.

A verdict of $1,500 damages has been returned at a late session of the Court of Common Pleas, in Montrose, Pa. against Jacob Blake, in favor of Miss Louisa Thayer, for slander.

The Union Line steam boats and stages via New London, take passengers from New York to Boston, a distance of about 230 miles, for seven dollars and fifty cents!

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1827.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Book-keeping defended." A reply to the remarks of C. C. Marsh, will be given in our next.

"Twilight in Spring," CORNELIA—"The Spirits of the Flower Isle," SELIM—"A Sonnet;" "Contentment;" "Music;" and "The Brother," (four articles) ALONZO—"The Fall of Ferragon," MINSTREL OF MARATUNK—"Lines which were addressed to a Lady," SCOTT—an effusion from "IVANHOE"—"The Wetherfield Maid, or the Queens," TIMOTHY—"Weep not for me," FELIX—besides the prose contributions of AN UNWILLING BACHELOR, entitled "Marriage Brokers"—another article relating to Matrimony, from "M. W."—and the Essay of "JUVENUS," are received.

MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

AN important Medical discovery will soon be brought to notice—it consists in a new remedy to prevent the formation of Consumption in those predisposed, and to cure it when formed in nine cases out of ten. We are informed that it is as effectual as the lately found remedy against Intemperance, and consists of two different articles to be used together, one to be taken in the stomach in the palatable shape of chocolate, syrup of milk, and the other to be inhaled in the lungs as a sweet and fragrant perfume.

We perceive that Knox's Elegant Extracts, a work we have frequently noticed, is progressing with all promised rapidity under the revising editorship of Dr. Percival. The judicious pruning which he has applied to some parts, and the occasional happy substitution of American production for the less acceptable writings of English authors, will greatly enhance the value of the work, and more particularly recommend it to patronage.—Works of this kind, fraught with the collected, moral, and literary beauties of the most refined authors, can never be too highly commended, or too generally circulated. To the old, they afford a refreshing dessert to the solid feast of science which they must frequently partake in: to the young, they give purity of thought, an easy and graceful style, and correct that morbid appetite for romance, that weakens intellect and destroys usefulness.

Few customs, derived to us from our fathers, have been less honoured in the observance than that of duelling; and the current of moral execration has so long set against it, that it may be wondered that more has not been effected towards its entire abolition. The practice of submitting a cause to the arbitriment of mortal combat, had its origin in a belief of a more immediate and special interference of Providence than is now believed in; indeed, those who formerly went to this species of trial prepared themselves by religious rites, as if they were about entering upon the participation of some sacrament of their church; and while the opinion was held that "God would aid the right cause," and while men, in submitting to that species of judicature, even in the exercise of their favourite, and indeed only profession, it is not strange that the spear of the warrior should be preferred to the *glaive* of justice, and that the "ermine should yield to the laurel." But the times, opinions, and habits of thinking, have changed; men no longer pretend that religion sanctions "the duel," or that Providence favours "the right"—they know that the spirit of the gospel, and the dictates of morality, are directly opposed to the practice; that they stamp the duellist with the name of homicide, and that so far from Providence finding a *right* in either party, to protect, the voice of heaven emphatically pronounces either side the cause of injustice, and stamps each party with the crime of murder. This is not now denied by those who yield to the suggestions of false honour; they do not pretend to conceal a horror of the act, or to defend it upon any moral or religious grounds—"*necessity*" is the great argument—necessity, either to chastise the offender, or to support the offence. There is no one who will not see that such an argument is a mere evasion, and it would be a waste of words to attempt to prove it so. Men know that their own death, or that of an enemy, neither frees them from the imputation of crime, or compensates them for insults and injuries to themselves or friends. This view of the subject, and it is that which most prominently presents itself, has usually been taken by the opponents of duelling, and has almost invariably been made a subject of ridicule; so palpably, so obviously unfounded, is every pretext for duelling predicated on such ideas. It is customary for those in the profession of arms, to excuse themselves upon the ground of *custom*: that should be no plea; plunder claims a more ancient charter for the warrior, and if *custom* sanctions the duel, then all the excesses of victory, and all the horrors of carnage, are sugmatized by the same charter.

If we admit, as a partial excuse for the errors of those who have sanctioned duelling by their acts, the force of custom, we are not arguing in favour of the custom, for the most reasonable of those who have sought that mode of adjusting disputes, have vehemently condemned the practice, and sought the most efficient means of preventing duels and punishing the duellist, until the case became their own; then, yielding to what they esteemed the necessity of the case, they have violated the law of God which they once expounded against themselves, and broke the human statute that they had been instrumental in enacting.

Instances might be adduced to show the *general* weakness of our nature, in making our own case peculiar, in supposing that we are surrounded by circumstances not known to, or effecting others—one great example of an error of this unhappy, this affective kind, must suffice. It is known that HAMILTON lost a son by this madness of duelling, and that such was his sense of the grossfully of the act, as well as its violation of divine and human laws, that he had scarcely dried the father's tears ere he raised the patriot's voice against the unholy practice that was vitiating public morals, and blasting the bud of domestic happiness. He called for the enactment of a law that should, by its penalties, cause the thoughtless to pause in their madness; he demanded that the legislative power of the state interpose their authority not to *punish*, but to *prevent crime*, the noblest use of legislation; he asked of them as fathers, to interpose their commands, to stay the hand of the murderer, to save the family and the social circle from their continued fears, and their frequent mournings: he pointed to the graves of the thousands who had been cut off

"In flower of youth and beauties pride,"

by the crime he deprecated: he conjured them as men, as fathers, as legislators, to stay the consuming fire—and while the efforts of his exertions were silently operating, lo! he was carried forth of men—a corpse—a self offered sacrifice to that Moloch whose altars he would have razed. His own weakness, the only weakness of his great mind, yielded up his resolutions, deserted his own family, and laid him side by side with his son, blended in fate as in blood—

"Where Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck his beloved mould."

It has been said that party spirit is the madness of the many, for the benefit of the few—but the spirit of duelling is the madness of the few, for the grief of the many—and it is a madness that nothing but the ridicule of society will correct: reason is lost upon such a phrenzy, and when the satirist shall take his bath, the duellist will shrink from its contagion.

The points that the custom offers to ridicule, are too obvious to escape the notice of those whose pen has successfully ridiculed other follies; but, unhappily, connexions by blood or friendship check the hand of justice; and men, who would start with horror from an association with him who pilfers a trifle, sit down in bosom friendship with that man who is ready to steep his hand in a brother's blood.

COMMUNICATION.

ST. CECILIA SOCIETY.

The circumstance of two societies having been established in this city within a few years, exclusively devoted to the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music, and that each of them is composed of numerous professors and amateurs, is a convincing proof that there is among us a genuine taste for one of the noblest sciences that ever occupied the attention of humanity; and that our country is rising to an elevated distinction in every department of human knowledge. Having attended the Concert given by the St. Cecilia Society, on Wednesday evening last, it is with unfeigned pleasure we notice the entertainments, which were productive to us of unusual gratification. The instrumental pieces were happily selected, and though very difficult ones, they were executed in a style of excellence and skill that reflects the highest credit upon those members of the Society engaged in their performance; indeed it would have been difficult for professors, even of acknowledged talent, to have surpassed them. The Misses Gillingham, who generously volunteered their valuable services for the occasion, sang some of their best songs. To our shame be it spoken, we had not before the pleasure of listening to these accomplished and amiable ladies; our satisfaction then may be better felt than described; the gratification, however, which we experienced, was mingled with regret at the reflection, that we had not earlier profited by the opportunities offered us, in the concerts they have given, of partaking of a similar enjoyment. Our knowledge of music is too superficial for us to attempt to express an opinion in the technical phraseology of the science; talents like theirs may be appreciated, and the soul be charmed, without comprehending the refinements of art. Their voices are of great compass, full, and clear as the sounds of a silver bell; capable of reaching the highest notes without difficulty, and of giving utterance to those soft mellow sounds that *come o'er the*

"Ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

And withal, there is something so peculiarly fascinating in their style of singing, that there is a resistless charm in almost every tone that springs from them. All their songs and duetts were uniformly excellent; but the beautiful ballad of "*Kate Kearney*," and the duett of "*Signora Retta*," created the most delight. While we felicitate the members of the St. Cecilia upon their manifest improvement, discernable at every exhibition which they give, we cannot refrain from adding, that we hope the greater part of the large audience that heard the Misses Gillingham on Wednesday evening, and were so warm in expressions of admiration, will cheerfully patronize those talented young ladies whenever an opportunity presents itself.

MERCUTIO.

"THE CASKET," unquestionably is the most successful periodical published in this country. We have but recently reverted with feelings of self-congratulation, to its already numerous and still increasing patronage. It not unfrequently happens that we receive epistles couched in the most friendly and flattering terms, speaking of the merits of this work. A gentleman at Southbridge, Mass. has acquitted himself in a very gratifying manner. He says:—

"I have given the work only a partial examination, but so far as it extends it fully answers my expectation. It is all the advertisement which induced me to subscribe promised; there are "flowers" in it, culled with botanical judgment, of the first hue, which cannot but gratify all who look upon and examine them. The whole is a CASKET containing certainly $2 50 cents worth of jewels, without the embellishments of the artist—these add much to its value. But I may be under the influence of the old saying of "novelty, &c." yet I doubt not a further examination and succeeding Nos. will sustain my opinion."

The Drama.

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Greene made her first appearance at the Broadway Circus, on Thursday evening, as Zorilla, in the melo-drama of Timour the Tartar. Mr. Greene was announced to perform Dennis Brulgruddery at the Park Theatre, this evening.

Miss Kelly is performing at the Park. Mr. Macready is engaged at the same Theatre for six nights previous to his return to Europe.

The enterprising manager of the Park Theatre has made an arrangement with Mr. Colson, agent of the French Theatre in New Orleans, which will enable him, by the early part of July next to gratify the New York public with the best French Operas and Vaudevilles.

BALTIMORE.—The Philadelphia company opened at Baltimore on Tuesday. Mr. Booth is engaged, and is performing some of his favourite characters.

Mr. Cooper is engaged to play five nights at Mobile. In order to meet the additional expense, the price of admission into the Theatre is to be enhanced.

At Covent Garden, Miss Jarman seems the attraction of the house in tragedy. Her Juliet, particularly, is admired. Mr. Knowles, the author of Virginius, has a new tragedy, entitled *Alfred*, ready for the stage.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE BOSTON BARD.

The harp whose strains have sounded o'er
The mountain height and lowly vale,
Is silent and its tones no more
Shall mingle with the murmuring gale.

Nor shall that harp o'er hill and plain,
To its owner's visions pure and bright,
E'er strike its soothing chords again,
For the minstrel's soul hath winged its flight.

Yes, the wanderer's form has sunk to rest,
Hath found a home in an earthly bed;
And he who late by sore was prest,
Sleeps tranquil with the silent dead.

His heart is still, his hand is cold,
And the harp whose witching strains he woke,
He'll wake no more—his time is told,
His soul from life's drear chains hath broke.

He's fled to worlds unknown, and there
May the day's misfortune clouded o'er,
The bones he knew of want and care,
And bliss hereafter to his store.

But sleep thee, minstrel, sleep thee on,
For thy pilgrimage of care is o'er;
And more—thy moral lays hath won
A place upon Elysium's shore.

OCEAN BARD.

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults.	Children.	Total
Philadelphia,	39	25	64
New-York,	47	37	82

MARINE INTELLIGENCE

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Ship Julius Cæsar, West, 26 days, Liverpool, salt, &c.
— Langdon Chaves, Baker, 6 days, Charleston, cotton.
— Mentor, Fenwick, 40 days, Liverpool, mdze.
— Tuscarora, Sorrell, 32 days, Liverpool, mdze.
— Moss, Fennel, 31 days, Montevideo, hides, horns, &c.
Brig Mary Ann, Regan, Laguira, via Porto Cavello, cotton, &c.
— Criterion, Richards, 45 days, Bordeaux, brandy.
— Levant, Janvier, 18 days, New Orleans, molasses and cotton.
— Lawson, Lombard, 15 days, New Orleans, mdze.
— Prometheus, Campbell, 25 days, St. Thomas, mdze.
— Olive & Sarah, Caldwell, 14 days, Havana, coffee, &c.
— Veteran, Hunker, 8 days, Portland, plaster.
— Clio, Kirk, 9 days, Havana, sugar and coffee.
Schr. Packet, Cruz, 12 days, Havana, mdze.
— Lovely Hope, Davis, 9 days, Boston, mdze.
— Nancy, Griffing, 18 days, Port au Prince, mdze.
— Valiant, Farnham, 2 days, New York, mdze.
— Brilliant, Lunt, 10 days, Newburyport, mdze.
— Resolution, Smith, 2 days, New York, sugar.
— Sources, Rider, 2 days, New York, mdze.
— Chancellor, Doyle, 3 days, New York, wheat.
— Amanda, Gifford, 3 days, New York, sugar.
— Falcon, Godwin, 6 days, Newburyport, mdze.
— Regulator, Lane, 5 days, Boston, mdze.
— Gifford, Somers, 2 days, Folly Landing, mdze.
— Susan & Elizabeth, Ortley, 2 days, New York, iron ore.
— Friendship, Tinkham, 10 days, Savannah, cotton, &c.
— Eliza Jane, Pease, 8 days, Boston, mdze.
— Richmond, Hand, 4 days, Richmond, mdze.
— Superior, Turner, 17 days, New Orleans, cotton, &c.
— Elizabeth, Robinson, 5 days, Washington, N. Cravelton.
— Eliza Williams, Somers, 5 days, Baltimore, mdze.
— Herald, Hall, 7 days, Providence, mdze.
— United States, Bisel, 9 days, Key West, wrecked goods.
— Fame, Silbert, 26 days, Marseilles, mdze.
— James Buaril, Hall, 5 days, Providence, R. I. mdze.
— Only Son, Cook, 7 days, Boston, mdze.
— Harrison, Day, 11 days, Portsmouth, mdze.
— Lovely Hope, Loring, 4 days, Boston, mdze.
— Star, White, 3 days, Folly Landing, grain
Sloop Traveller, Duisey, 3 days, New York, mdze.
— Fair Trader, Hickman, 5 days, New York, mdze.
— Johnson, Johnson, 4 days, Richmond, mdze.
— Boston Packet, Taylor, 2 days, New York, mdze.
— Florence, Hoeap, 3 days, Baltimore, mdze.

CLEARED.

Ship Florian, Harrison, Charleston.
Brigs Chase, Robbins, Marseilles; Ariel, Harman, Hamburg; James Sterling, Willis, Newbern, N. C.; Franklin, Kay, New Orleans; Neptune, Stanford, Portland, Hannibal, Swett, Baton.
Schrs. Eclipse, Cope, Snowhill; William Penn, Clark, Boston; Fox, Bernard, Richmond; New York, Snow, New York; Commerce, Weeks, Baltimore; Waterloo, Dennison, New York; Gen Marion, Spaly, Cherrystone; Eclipse, Sharp, St. Jago de Cuba; Ceres, Miller, Port au Prince; George, Johnson, Suffolk; Leaper, Snow, New York; Pilot, Gibbs, Boston; Elizabeth, Robinson, Washington, N. C.; Emma, Bishop, St. Johns; Eliza Jane, Pease, Boston; Regulator, Lane, Boston; Reaper, St. John's.
Sloops James & David, Long, Wilmington, N. C.; Reaper, Crowell, New York.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Robert Graham, Mr. THOMAS F. LAMBSON, of Salem, N. J. to Miss AGNESS, daughter of James Kelton, Esq. of London Grove, Chester county, Pa.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. William M'Lithans, Mr. WILLIAM OAKFORD, to Miss CATHARINE ETRIS, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Patts, Mr. F. JANEAU, Printer, to Miss MARGARET WHITE, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by Lewis D. Beblr, Esq. Mr. JACOB STINEMORE, to Miss MARY ECKEY, both of the county of Philadelphia.

On Sunday evening, the 13th inst. by the Rev. William Williams, Mr. FRANCIS C. N. WALTON, to Miss HANNAH FRANK, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. JOHN KNOX, of Hartford, Conn. to Miss ELIZA, eldest daughter of Christopher Tell, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 8th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Hollerstion, JOHN YARNALL, Merchant, to KEZIAH COLE, both of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev Dr. Duer, Mr. BORNAN, to Miss JULIA ANN EVERITT, of this city.

On the 11th inst. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. ISAAC E. WALLING, to Miss SARAH RICE.

On Friday evening, May 11th, by the Rev. William E. Ashton, Mr. JAMES GREGORY, to Miss ISABELLA SHEADS, both of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kitts, Mr. ARMISTEAD PIDDIN, to Miss SARAH ORRELL, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev Mr. Kitts, Mr. DAVID D. TAYLOR, to Miss ELIZABETH WARWICK, both of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. JACOB WALKER, of this city, to Miss ANNA MARIA, daughter of Capt. Thomas Longbrad, of the Northern Liberties.

On Tuesday, by the Rev. Mr. Bryan, Mr. WILLIAM E. ROSS, merchant of New York, to Mrs. SUSANNAH LOUISA KERLIN, of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 13th inst. by the Rev. William E. Ashton, Mr. JOHN MILLER, to Miss CATHARINE WILLIAMS, both of Southwark, County of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, the 17th inst. by the Rev. William E. Ashton, Mr. HENRY LYLE, to Miss ANNA COLLIER, both of Southwark, County of Philadelphia.

DIED.

On Friday morning, Mrs. SUSANNAH TILLINGHAST, relict of the late Captain D. C. Tillinghast.

On Thursday evening, suddenly, about 10 o'clock, Mr. HENRY EMERICK, aged 32 years.

On Thursday morning, after a short and painful illness, Mr. ALEXANDER SMYTH, in the 40th year of his age.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. MARGARET BUYERS, aged 75 years.

On Tuesday, the 1st inst. of a short illness, Mr. SAMUEL MITCHELL.

On Tuesday morning, the 15th inst. EMMA LORAIN, youngest daughter of Dr. P. Dewees, aged three years and eight months.

On the 13th inst. Mr. THOMAS BIGGS, Mathematical Instrument maker.

On the 10th inst. at Bustontown, near Reading, of a sudden illness, Mrs. SARAH LEMBERGER, aged 20 years, relict of Mr. Lyon Lemberger, and daughter of Mr. Leon Collett, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th inst. MARY ANN WATSON, daughter of the late Mr. John Watson, of Burlington, N. J. and formerly merchant of this city.

On the 11th inst. CHARLES H. BASHFORD, of consumption, late of Philadelphia, in the 33d year of his age.

On the 12th inst. aged 72 years, Captain WILLIAM A. WILLIAMSON.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE KOOCKOGEY, aged 62 years.

On the 16th inst. aged 61 years, Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON, late merchant in this city.

On the 1st inst. of the dropsy, Mr. SAMUEL MITCHELL, aged 42 years, respected by all who knew him.

On the 7th inst. in Rowley, Mass. after many months of extreme suffering, Mr. ROBERT S. COFFIN, the *Boston Bard*, son of the late Ebenezer Coffin, A. M. His remains were brought from Rowley to Portsmouth, and carried to St. Paul's Church. The funeral services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Morse, and then interred in the Old-Town burying ground by the side of his father.

On the 7th inst. Mr. WILLIAM SPILLER, a native of England, Comedian, and latterly manager of the Montreal Theatre.

SALES BY AUCTION.

BY COMLY AND TEVIS,
No. 79 MARKET STREET.

WINES.

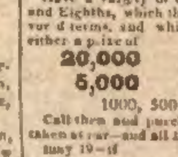
On Thursday morning, at the stores of Messrs. Oxfield & Co. No. 9 South Front st. at

80 qr. casks superior L. P. Teneriffe wine, 142 dz. Indian Market; do. 30 do. old port do. Also, 200 casks Brandon's London refined brimstone, 30 tons No. 1, soft Scotch pig iron. Also, 25 casks best quality British sheathing copper, 16 to 18 oz.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

4-4 and 7-4 high coloured Canton crape shawls and black satins, entitled to debenture.

NOTICE.



The new and elegant steam boat NEW YORK, Captain E. W. Kellum will leave arch street wharf, on Sunday morning, May 20th, at 7 o'clock, A. M. for Burlington, Bristol and Bordentown, returning the same evening.

N. B. Coaches will be in readiness at Bristol to convey Passengers to Trenton, and return in time for the boat in the afternoon.

Breakfast provided on board. may 19—4t

Real Estate for Sale.

A PLANTATION in Brandywine Hundred, New Castle county, State of Delaware, late the property of C. & P. Talley, about 6 miles from Wilmington, containing 143 acres of Land, (more or less,) part of which is bottom meadow on the Brandywine Creek, and a large proportion of wood land. This property is in the neighbourhood of the factories on the Brandywine, which affords an excellent market for all kinds of produce fully equal to the Wilmington market, which for prices is generally on a par with the Philadelphia market. The improvements are a large two story stone House with four rooms on a floor, and stone kitchen two story high, large log barn, stone smoke house, waggon house, cow house, &c.

WATER POWER.

No. 2. A Cotton Factory on ——— Creek about 6 miles from Wilmington, (Del.) with 7 acres and 82 perches of land, (more or less.) The improvements are a stone Factory three stories high, stone dwelling house and kitchen two stories high, stone blacksmith shop, stone stable, &c. an excellent dam and good stream of water—the dam is kept in repair by the county. Possession of this property can be had forthwith. For further particulars apply to either of the subscribers.

JAMES TWADDELL,
Philadelphia
WILLIAM TWADDELL,
Cannon Mills, Brandywine.

Executors to the Estate of William Twaddell, deceased. may 19—tf

YATES & CO.

No. 197 CHESNUT STREET,
Two doors below Fourth street,

HAVE been unusually fortunate in the last three weeks in distributing Prizes—it is their maxim, on such occasions, to acquaint their friends of any extraordinary good luck which prevails at the office, that *they* may profit thereby and take a chance among the many who have doubtless secured an independency by the favourite channel of the UNION CANAL LOTTERIES.

YATES & CO.

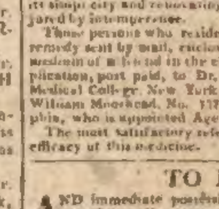
Have a variety of chosen numbers, Halves, Quarters and Eighths, which they will dispose of on the most favourable terms, and which may produce to their owners either a prize of

20,000	15,000	10,000
5,000	4,500	3,000

1000, 500 or 100 DOLLARS!

Call then and purchase a Ticket. Uncurrent money taken at par—and all Lottery information given gratis. may 19—tf

Hydrants Made and Repaired.



THE subscriber having removed from his former establishment, in Arch near Fifth street, to the East side of Fifth street, No. 50, above Race st. where the Plumbing Business will be attended as heretofore.

STRONG IRON PIPES,
LEAD PIPES, and
HYDRANTS,
All of good quality, with other fixtures for the introduction of Schuylkill Water.

JOSEPH TOWNSEND.

Application to be made at the shop, or at his dwelling, No. 216 North Fourth street, between Tammany and Noble streets. may 19—3t

B. WILLIAMS, DENTIST.

At his old Established Stand
No. 172 VINE STREET ABOVE FIFTH ST.

HE has at a heavy expense published information during the last nine years, being the first and only attempt ever made in this city to inform the people on the preservation of the Teeth.

He has published the opinions of twelve Physicians and six Dentists, on the immense value of giving the Teeth room to grow or to spread with the file also, the proper time to perform the operation.

He performs all operations in the line of his profession, and fixes the Teeth in the mouth upon very moderate terms. *Advice gratis.* may 19—3m

Cure for Intemperance.

WE have been induced to republish the following notice, at the solicitation of several people who have called on us during the week, and who testify that it actually took away the power to arrest the destroyer.—They state that it creates a vigorous appetite for animal food, and an utter aversion to ardent spirits; and that by the use of it, many of the most intemperate have become perfectly sober, and are now in their "right minds."—*Christian Advocate.*

A simple remedy has been discovered which effectually cures habitual drunkards and topers, and renders them totally averse to spirituous potations in any form. A considerable number who have obtained it say they feel stand ready to corroborate with the most conclusive testimony what is here averred.

Twenty years experience in the laws of stimuli, and the happy effects produced by this remedy have taught its simplicity and renovating power on constitutions injured by intemperance.

Those persons who reside at a distance can have the remedy sent by mail, enclosed in a letter, or through the medium of a friend in the city, by addressing their application, post paid, to Dr. CHAMBERS, at Geiger's Medical College, New York; or it may be obtained of William Moorhead, No. 137 Lombard street, Philadelphia, who is appointed Agent, by the above Proprietor.

The most satisfactory references can be given of the efficacy of this med

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

Wake, Soldier! wake! thy war-horse waits,
To bear thee to the battle track;
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—
Thy dog would break thy lavement;—
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier!—sleep!—thy warfare o'er,
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle plain;
A trumpet-note, more loud and deep,
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou need'st not helm nor cuirass, now,
—Beyond the Grecian hero's boast,—
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host—
For lead and bead alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound!

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild withered look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems!
She kissed thee at the cottage door,
And wakened at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier! let thy mother wait,
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy step, perhaps, may find the gate,
And lead her home to thee at last;—
He cannot tell a soldier's tale
Who did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last—and far away,—she heard its lingering
echoes fail.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHARADES.

1. My first is what you often see
In city and in country,
The gentlemen do bow to me
With due respect;
My second's worn upon the feet;
My whole's a flower, spruce and neat,
Of fragrance rich, and fragrance sweet;
My name detect.

2. My first to nations often is a stain,
Blood, death, and carnage, follow in my train;
My second's what some do affirm to be
Emblematic of eternity;
My third, as a weight, much trouble does save,
My whole is the name of a commodore brave.

3. Six letters to complete I take,
A woman's name my whole does make;
Cut off each end, and it is plain,
A woman's name will still remain;
Cut off the first, reverse the rest,
A woman's name will stand confest. S. H.

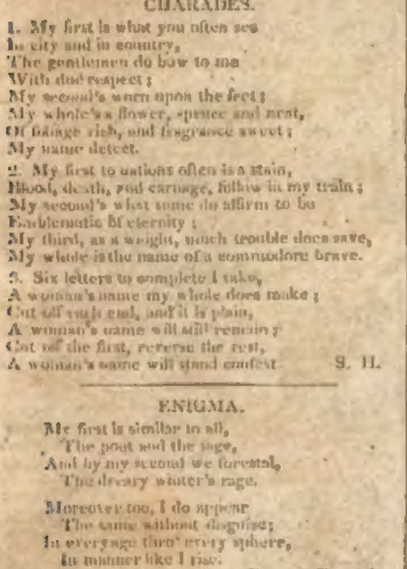
ENIGMA.

My first is similar to all,
The poet and the sage,
And by my second we foretell,
The dreary winter's rage.

Moreover too, I do appear
The same without disguise;
In every age thro' every sphere,
In manner like I rise.

H——o H——d.

We are requested to ask Daedus, who is considered well versed in these matters, for a solution to this.



FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SCHOOL OF FLORA.

No. XVII.

Botanic Name, PINCKNEYA BRACTEATA.
English Name, *Pinckney Bark.*
French Name, *Quinquina Pinckney.*

An elegant and valuable shrub, or small tree; native of Carolina, Georgia and Florida; near the sea shore, in wet soils. The beauty of the blossoms consist, principally, in the large coloured bracteas, of a flesh colour, with a red edge; while the flowers, although large, are of a dull reddish grey. It blossoms in summer, and rises from 10 to 25 feet. It was unknown to Linnæus, but was discovered by Bartram and Michaux. Many names were proposed for it, *Bartramia, Rignonia bracteata,* and *Mussenda bracteata,* until Michaux established the genus *Pinckneya,* intermediate between *Cinchona,* or the Peruvian bark and *Mussenda;* and dedicated to General Charles Pinckney, Governor of Carolina, a friend to Botany.

Many botanists call it *Pinckney a pubens,* but the former specific name of *bracteata* is more appropriate. Only one specimen known to belong to this genus, unless some *Cinchonas* may be found more properly akin to it. The great affinity of this genus to the Peruvian barks extends to its medical properties, and the inner bark of the *Pinckneya* is a fine bitter and tonic, used against fevers in Georgia.

The *Pinckneya* belongs to *Pentandria* of Linnæus, and the natural order of RUBIACEÆ, section of *Cinchonides.* It grows in the open ground in Virginia and Pennsylvania, where it has been introduced in some gardens. It requires a good soil, and much water in summer.

This tree has many branches; the bark is brown. The leaves are large, opposite, petulate, ovate, entire, acute at both ends, hairy beneath. The flowers are terminal, forming a cluster, or a panicle, composed of many clusters, surrounded by large flesh coloured bracteas, or floral leaves, edged with red, and showy. The corollas are over an inch long, grey or yellow when budding, but reddish grey when open; they are tubular, with 5 small segments often reflexed. Stamina 5, Style 1. Fruit, a capsul with 2 cells, and many winged seeds.

It may be the emblem of FALSE ORNAMENTS, and BITTER REPROACH.

The origin of confining Jurors from Meat and Drink.—The Gothic nations were famous of old, in Europe, for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient Germans and their Saxon descendants in England were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that these vices were not thought disgraceful; and Tacitus represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and under this persuasion it was enacted in the laws, that Judges should hear and determine causes fasting, and not after dinner. An Italian author, in his "Antiquities," plainly affirms, that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxication; and Dr. Gilbert Stuart very patiently and ingeniously observes in his Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution," p. 238, that from this propensity of the older Britons to indulge excessively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody until they had agreed upon their verdict.

CATCHING IDEAS.

This catching of ideas is one of those queer mental phenomena, for which the learned in cranioscopy find it marvelously difficult to account. Indeed, all phrenological writers concur in placing this faculty among the inextricable perplexities of their favorite science. Some philosophers affirm and some deny, that ideas are coherent; but there is no longer a doubt that they may be *caught*—and like Scotchmen, to be useful, they should be *caught young.* There are various modes of catching some matters, such as small pox, and the itch for talking, are taken by infection; others, such as pickerel and popularity, are caught with bait. Ideas, however, can be legitimately secured only by studying Burke and Curran, and Phillips and Sheridan—commit to memory a few passages from speeches, and you may declaim for hours with wonderful fluency—pouring forth such cataracts of ideas, as to outstrip and overwhelm the understanding of all who attempt even to guess at your meaning.

THE REV. S. WESLEY.

Mr. Wesley had a clerk, who believed the rector his master, to be the greatest man in the Parish, if not in the country; and himself to be the next to him in worth and importance. He had the advantage and privilege of wearing out Mr. Wesley's cast off clothes and wigs, for the latter of which his head was far too small. The rector finding him particularly vain of one of those canonical substitutes for hair which he had lately received, formed the design to mortify him in the presence of that congregation before which John wished to appear in every respect what he thought himself. One morning before church time, Mr. W. said, "John, I shall preach on a particular subject to-day and shall chose my own psalm, of which I shall give the first line, and you shall proceed as usual." John was pleased—and service went forward as it was wont to do, till they came to the singing, when Mr. Wesley gave out the following line:

"Like to an owl in ivy bush."

This was sung—and the following line, John peeping out of the huge canonical wig in which his head was half lost, given out with an audible voice and appropriate connecting twang—

"That useful thing am I."

The whole congregation, struck with John's appearance, saw and felt the similitude, and burst out into laughter. The rector was pleased; for John was mortified and his self-conceit humbled.

HAYDN, THE COMPOSER.

The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn, 'how it happened that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description?' To this, Haydn's answer was, 'I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts which I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit.'

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.

During the troubles in the reign of Charles the 1st, a country girl came to London, in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those called tub women. The brewer observing a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and after a short time married her; but he died while yet she was a young woman and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and to the young woman was recommended Mr. Hyde, as a skillful lawyer to arrange her husband's affairs.—Hyde, who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her—of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

GOOD DOUBLE PUN.

Somebody asked Baron Rothschild to take venison. "No!" said the Baron, "I never eatsh venshon, I don't think it ish so good ash mutton." "O!" said the Baron's friend, "I wonder at you saying so; if mutton were better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?" "Vy?" replied the Baron, "I will tell you vy—in dish world de peeples always prefer vat is *deer* to vat ish *sheep.*"

DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed, that her only objections to an union was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he ingeniously replied:—"Blessed is the man that has a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

A gentleman having a remarkable long visage, was one day riding by the school, at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad, "That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation, the man turned his horse's head and requested an explanation. "Sir," said the boy, "I meant no offence in the world; but I have read in the Bible at School, that a man's life is but a *span,* and I am sure your *face* is double that length." The gentleman could not help laughing, and he threw the lad a sixpence for his wit.

A NOSE FOR AN ARM.

That class of people in New Jersey who are not very particular about the etiquette of fashionable life, have a habit, when inviting their guests at a table to help themselves, of saying, "*make a long arm.*" A good woman of this unsophisticated class, having one day a Scotchman to dine with her, who had an exceedingly long nose, could not help taking particular notice of that distinguished member of her guest's face, and as the enormous proboscis was naturally uppermost in her thoughts, when she would have said, "make a long arm," she was so unfortunate as to say, "do make a *long nose, sir.*" 'A lang nose, quotha?' replied the Scotchman. 'I theocht in a' conscience, gude woman, ye wad be content wi' the ane I ha.'

A SAFE BET FOR BOTH PARTIES.

Two *bloods* recently entered a tavern, where they had frequently resorted, and calling for a supper and two bottles of champaigne, informed their host that they had laid a wager of such a repast as they had ordered, but as it was not yet decided, they hoped he would wait for his pay until the decision, and then charge the amount to the loser. The landlord assented, and they sat down to a hearty supper. When they had finished, *mine host* had the curiosity to ask what was the nature of the bet, and he was not a little chagrined when he received for answer that it originated in a dispute as to the direction the brick meeting steeple would take, should it ever fall. The one bet it would fall *east* and the other *west.*

Four or five Hibernians lately disputed about the money they could shew—one exclaimed, "I can shew more than any of you, and that is none."

Some one recommending to Sam Foote an exercise that they told him would expand his chest. "Expand my chest! (cried he) why it will already hold more than I can get to put into it."

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

Genuine Wines and Liquors.

DAVID RANKEN,

KEEPS constantly on hand *Wholesale and Retail,* at his Store, No. 49 Chesnut street, near Bread, and at his *Wine-House,* in Strawberry street—Old Madeira Wine, do. Sherry, do. do. Royal Co. Port do.—Also Old Champagne Brandy. 3d and 4th pr. f. do. Cognac do. do. Wesop. Anker Gin, &c. do. Jamaica Rum

The above Wines and Liquors have been carefully selected from the most approved Brands, and are sold as Received from the Importers." april 19—3m

TO JOB PRINTERS.

RED & BLUE INK, of a superior quality, warranted not to settle, and to work clear.

J. HOWE,
march 27—tf Corner of Crown & Callowhill sts.

Scott's Commentary, vol. 3d.

IS now ready for delivery to subscribers. Apply to
J. HOWE,
Corner of Crown and Callowhill streets.
N. B. Subscribers in a remote part of the city will be waited upon in a few days. april 7—tf

Hydrants, Lead and Iron Pipes.

FOWLEY AND ALBURGER, PLUMBERS,
NORTH WEST corner of Decatur and Carpenter streets, directly in rear of the Arcade, have constantly on hand, small iron pipes, and lead pipes of all sizes of their manufacture, all of which will be fixed on reasonable terms. Hydrants of all kinds made and repaired. April 14—6m

DR. MEAD'S ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.

A SAFE and effectious remedy for all those deranged states of the digestive organs constituting *Dyspepsia or Indigestion.*

This medicine is the invention of a physician who has applied his study and practice for a number of years to this distressing disease, and is therefore the result of much experience. Induced by the duties he owes to society, the proprietor has adopted this mode of circulation in order to give it a greater range of publicity, and that it may become more extensively useful than it could possibly be were it confined within the private practice of any individual whatever. These Pills have been several years in the hands of the public, and the rapidly increasing sales, and numerous certificates in their favor, bear ample testimony to the efficacy of the remedy. They operate mildly though effectually, and require no unusual attention to diet, nor is there any danger to be apprehended from cold, as they are entirely free from mercury in any form whatever.

Sold in New York by O. & W. Hall, 146 Pearl street, who are sole agents for the proprietor; in Philadelphia, by Smith & Pearsall, corner of Market and Third sts.; Isaac Thompson, corner of Market and Second streets; Samuel P. Griffith, Jr. corner of Chesnut and Eighth streets; H. Troth & Co. No. 232 Market street; in Baltimore, by Henry Price and William Butler, Market st. and by most of the Druggists throughout the United States. april 21—tf

Page's Patent Medal Stove.

THE Patent Right for sale for any of the States exclusively, except Pennsylvania.

The stove is the best hitherto known for burning Anthracite Coal for cooking purposes, that will bake, roast and boil three pots of any size at the same time, without burning or creating any steam or smell whatever.

To be seen at the Inventor's
JOSEPH PAGE,
april 20—3t No. 113, Filbert street near Eleventh.

Dr. BECKER'S EYE SALVE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just received a fresh supply of the above valuable medicine, which he will dispose of Wholesale or Retail, at his Wholesale and Retail Drug and Apothecary Store, north east corner of Third and Callowhill streets. JOSEPH BRAKELY.

N. B. A liberal allowance made to those who purchase to sell again. april 21—tf

THE SUBSCRIBER,

HAS always for sale, a handsome assortment of Ever Pointed Pencils of superior make. Likewise, Silver Pencil Cases of all kinds, Tooth Picks, Tweezers, &c.

ALSO, Gold and Silver Pens, Thimbles and Fancy Jewellery of every description, which he will sell wholesale and retail at the very lowest cash prices.

JOHN C. FARR,
No. 52, Market street, one door below Third st.
A supply of Leads for the above pencils always on hand. march 3—6m

JANE R. BURD

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public in general, she has removed her Confectionery business from No. 105 Chesnut street, near Fifth (west), to No. 123 Chesnut street, between Third and Fourth streets, to the house lately occupied by Mr. Townsend, clock and watch maker, immediately opposite Poulson's Office; where she has to let two rooms on the first floor which would, (on account of the central and public situation,) suit an artist, a seminary, or many other branches of business. April 14—tf

CLARK & CHESNUT,

BOOKBINDERS and paper rulers, over No. 35 Market street, Philadelphia, where all kinds of ruling will be done in a superior manner; blank books ruled and bound to any pattern. Likewise, old books repaired and rebound, as above. April 14—tf

IMPORTANT

To those inflicted with Indigestion.

THE CELEBRATED

ANTI-DYSPEPTIC ELIXIR.

A MEDICINE of the highest virtue to persons labouring under indigestion, or debility of the stomach, from the relaxing effects of the warm summer such as

Loss of Appetite,	Sickness of the Stomach,
Pain in the Pit of the Stomach	Belching up sour water from the Stomach,
Costiveness,	Dizziness of the Head,
Flatulency and moving of wind in the Bowels,	Lowness of Spirits,
	Palpitation of the Heart,

With General Weakness of the Whole Body.

The basis of this Elixir is vegetable, and perfectly innocent in its operation; it destroys that sour taste the instant it is taken, and stops the morbid secretion by giving strength to the muscular fibre of that important organ, by which means the peristaltic motion of the intestines is increased, and costiveness obviated; a new action is given to the system, which puts an end to a train of distressing nervous sensations.

We, the undersigned, having been afflicted with indigestion, loss of appetite, and great weakness about the stomach and bowels, attended with an inward fever for many years past, for the cure of which, we have had recourse to a great many remedies without relief, on the recommendation of a friend, we have been induced to try the Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir, from which we have found complete relief; and we feel it a duty to recommend this excellent medicine to all who are afflicted with the above complaints.

MARGARET BREKMAN, 131 Lombard street.
JOHN TAPPER, 37 Orchard street.
ALEX. STEWART, 332 Grand street.
JACOB SHARP, 1 Baxter street.
Poughkeepsie, March 20, 1838.

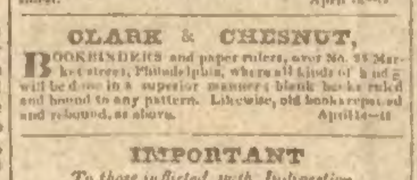
J. Van Demus.

Friend—Having accidentally heard of thy Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir, I wrote to New York and I procured two bottles, which I have taken according to thy directions, which have done me more good than all the medicine prescribed for me for seven years, by some of the most eminent physicians in this place. My complaint has been wind in the bowels, with a sour taste of the stomach after taking my food, which occasioned such spells of palpitation of my heart, that great drops of sweat would stand on my body for hours together. My suffering in this complaint has been very great for many years, and the wonderful relief this Elixir has given me, I fear has been too great to be permanent. Please to write me thy opinion on the subject and send me two bottles of thy valuable Elixir. With esteem,

THOMAS B. WILLIS.

I do hereby certify that I have been afflicted with the above complaint with still more violence for some time and have taken two bottles of Elixir, which has completely relieved me. JAMES ARCHER,
Corner of Orchard and Hester streets.
New York, July 5, 1838.

The Genuine Elixir is sold by
J. THOMPSON, wholesale and retail, at the N. W. corner of Market and Second streets, Philadelphia, and CARRETSON, corner of Fifth and Race streets.
april 21—10t



BARTLESON & HARMER,

N. E. CORNER OF SECOND & PINE STREET,
HAVE on hand, an extensive assortment of GREEN'S VENITIAN BLINDS; which they offer low for cash. They also keep a vast number of the most fashionable well made BEDS, of various sizes, equal to any ever offered for sale on this continent. feb. 3—tf

ANODYNE PLASTER.

AS a Plaster easing pain, which its name imports, perhaps this "*Anodyne Plaster*" has not a superior. In Rheumatic, Gouty and other typical affections, including pains of the joints, this Plaster spread on soft leather or linen will operate promptly and effectually. A small quantity on flint or cotton inserted into a hollow tooth will soon remove acute tic odontalgia. Applied to the spine or breast it operates as a diaphoretic and tonic anodyne, and is especially adapted to the relief of that excruciating disease named *Pleurodynia Dolens.* It is also one of the best applications for *Burns and Scalds.*

Price 12½ cents each pot, with a liberal discount to those who purchase to sell again. For sale by
WILLIAM BAKER,
No. 6 North Fifth street.

Annexed is a certificate from a most respectable medical gentleman of this city.

"Knowing the composition of thy Anodyne Plaster, and having witnessed its effects, I am free to recommend it as likely to be beneficial, not only in those cases specified, but more generally." "Thy friend"

(Signed) "EDWIN A. AILEE, M. D."

"To William Baker."

"Philadelphia, 3d mo. 2d, 1837."

Also—COUGH LOZENGES.

Many pretended preparations are going the rounds, most of which are objectionable, either on account of their enormous doses, or of the opium which appears to be their common basis. These Lozenges almost exclusively of vegetable composition, are void of opium, or any other narcotic and may therefore be taken at pleasure by persons labouring under recent coughs, or those confirmed, where it is found difficult to disengage the phlegm for expectoration. The Nauseating Lozenges which accompany, are intended as aids to them, one of which may be taken every night and morning, either with or without a dose of laudanum, according to the urgency the of symptoms.

N. B. There being about one-third of a grain of tartarized antimony in each of the Nauseating Lozenges, they will prove very proper emetics for children. Price 12½ cts For sale as above. WILLIAM BAKER.
ap 21—cowdtf

PHISOGRAPHICAL PAINTING ROOMS.

105 CHESNUT STREET,

Opposite the American Daily Advertiser Office

THE ARTIST, (from London, recently from New-York) begs to announce to the inhabitants of this city, that he has brought from England the celebrated Patent Machine for taking *LIKENESSES,* which is constructed on a Mathematical Principle that cannot fail of producing a most correct outline of the features in the short space of a few minutes. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who are desirous of obtaining a faithful Profile of themselves or friends, can, at a charge of only FIFTY CENTS *with a Frame and Glass included,* be gratified in their wishes.

Size, Superior Shaded Profiles, at one dollar.
Miniatures on Ivory, at very low prices.

The Artist having met with great encouragement in New-York, hopes also to meet with the same success from the inhabitants of this city.

☞ DRAWING taught on the most reasonable terms, in either of the following branches:—Crayon, Landscape, Flower, or Miniature Painting.

. Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and see the different specimens. May 5—tf

Military Trimming, Coach Lace and Furniture Fringe Manufactory.

No. 22, NORTH THIRD ST. Philadelphia,
(A few doors below the City Hotel, opposite store.)

WHERE is constantly kept on hand for wholesale and retail, on the lowest terms, a complete assortment of Swords, Epaulettes Caps and other Military articles, Coach Lace and Furniture Fringe, silk, cotton and worsted Cords, Braids, &c.

☞ Letters from any part of the United States, post paid, will be punctually attended to.

march 21—6m HENRY KORN.

TO HOUSE KEEPERS.

AS the females in all families are particularly interested in keeping furniture in the neatest manner, I take the liberty to recommend to their particular notice an article under the name of FURNITURE PASTE, which, when applied according to the directions accompanying the Box, will with little labor give the furniture a polish and gloss, equal to lustre to plate glass. Price 25 cents per Box, it is nearly as cheap as common wax.

ALSO, Black Varnish, of a superior quality, for Varnishing coal grates, ash pans, fenders, hooks and pans.—This Varnish has a beautiful gloss, and will stand a great heat. (Price 25 cents per bottle.) For sale by
PETER LEHMAN,
march 3—tf Druggist, No. 120 Market street.

ASSIGNMENT.

WHEREAS ISAAC C. ABBITT, of Centerville in the county of Salem, hath this day executed a deed of assignment, to the subscriber, of all his estate, real, personal and mixt, for the equal benefit of his creditors; now, therefore, Notice is hereby given, to the creditors of the said Isaac C. Abbitt, that they present their claims to the subscriber, under oath or affirmation, on or before the 17th day of October next ensuing, or they will be barred from receiving a dividend of the estate of the said assignor. ISAAC JOHNSON,
Dated April 17th, 1837. Assignee.
april 21—6t

PRIZES.

THE following numbers were drawn in the UNION CANAL LOTTERY, 28th Class:—

36, 10, 8, 13, 30, 48, 15, 38, 31.

13, 15, 38, *a Prize of* $1,000, *was Sold at*

B. DAVIS'S

Fortunate Office, 34 North Third Street,
Opposite Haskell's City Hotel,
Where have been sold more Prizes than at any other office in the city. May 5—tf

SCYTHES & SICKLES.

BARTLETT, PASSMORE & WELLS } Cast Steel SCYTHES

HARRIS'S (S. H.) Grass and Grain SCYTHES,
STEVERMARK SCYTHES,
KERLIN'S Shear Steel Pennsylvania and Jersey SICKLES,
RHOADS' Dutch and Manufactured Scythe STONES,
GOODYEAR'S Spring Steel Hay and Manure FORKS,
Rakes, Scythe Snaths, &c.

For sale by the Subscribers at their general Ironmongery Store, No. 37 MARKET STREET,
SHIPLEY & BARTRAM.
april 28—tf

Portrait of Napoleon Bonnparte.

JUST published, and for sale only by the Subscriber, No. 56 South Fourth, 3 doors below Library street, a very correct Likeness of Napoleon Bonaparte, engraved by Longacre, in a superb style, from the original miniature, by Rosseau, in the possession of the *Count de Survilliers,* who has politely suffered the picture to be copied.

☞ To be had as above, at considerably reduced prices, every article in the Gilding and Frame making business, viz. Looking Glasses, Prints, and a variety of Paintings, to furnished and oil Gilt Frames, Toilet Glasses, Portrait and Miniature Frames, Window Cornices, Girandoles, Segar Cases, Card Racks, Fire Screens, &c.

Customers may rest assured that all orders will be executed in the best manner, inferior to none in America; old Frames re-gilt, Looking Glasses re-silvered, &c. Orders from any part of the country will meet with prompt attention.

N. B. The original *Portrait of Gen. Jackson, by Sully,* is offered for sale. Also, a variety of elegant engraved Views, &c. for Ladies' Scrap Books.

May 5—tf C. H. MUNDY, Carver and Gilder.

STEAM-BOAT ESSEX,

FOR SALEM.

THE Salem and Philadelphia Steam-Boat Company respectfully give notice, that they have purchased the Steam Boat Essex, to run from Philadelphia to Salem. She is a new boat, having copper bowers, is coppered and copper fastened, is a fast, and in all respects, a superior boat. She will run as follows:—Leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings, at 10 o'clock; leave Salem, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, at 9 o'clock.

N. B. All Baggage at the risk of the owners, except such as is taken as freight. May 5—3t*

PORCELAIN TEETH.

THE Subscribers inform the public that they have succeeded in Manufacturing Porcelain Teeth of a very superior quality, which in form and color, cannot be distinguished from Natural Teeth.

They are prepared to furnish single Teeth, and complete sets, so perfectly fitted to the mouth, as to perform all the functions of the Natural teeth, and of any sort that may be required.

The superiority of Porcelain Teeth, in beauty, cleanliness and durability, is acknowledged by all who have used them, and will be manifest on inspection.

Specimens may be seen at their Office, No. 181 Race street. VAN FELT & MILHENNEY, Dentists.

N. B. All operations on the Teeth performed in the best manner, and on moderate terms. Dec. 30—tf

ALL PERSONS

INDEBTED to the Estate of JOHN M. LYNN, M. D. deceased, or to the firm of John & Samuel M. Lynn are hereby requested to present their accounts, duly attested, to Richard Ewell, Point-no-Point, and those having claims against the same, will apply to the Subscriber, No. 140 North Fourth street.

SAMUEL M. LYNN, Executor.
april 28—6t*

CANARY, MOCKING & RED BIRDS.

A LARGE collection of Canary, Mocking and red BIRDS for sale at No. 133 Cherry st. the first house above 6th st. feb 4—1y

A DESIRABLE RETREAT,

FROM CITY TURMOIL.

THAT pleasant and healthful mansion in Germantown, late the residence of Dr. Blair, 6 1-2 miles from Philadelphia, for Sale or to Rent. The house contains 10 rooms, and would accommodate two families, or make a fine boarding establishment. The house, pasture and garden, including about one acre, would be rented for only $200 a year. Enquire of C. Peirce, adjoining the premises. The farm, containing between 40 and 45 acres, situated to the above, would be sold with the house, or exchanged for city property. May 11—3t*

WILLIAM H. MOORE,

UNDERTAKER

No. 102 1-2 Arch street, between Fifth and Sixth street, (South side.)

A GENERAL assortment of Coffins, of various sizes and patterns, plain and ornamented, always on hand. Also, stuff of every description ready prepared, which, at the shortest notice, can be made to order. The whole business of Funerals will be attended to if desired, on very moderate terms, such as furnishing Hearse, Carriages, Shrouds, Scarfs, Crape, Ice House, &c.

N. B. Attendance at all hours.—*Circumstances taken for consideration.* May 11—3m

CLOTHING STORE.

ASHTON & SON, TAILORS,

No. 16 MARKET-STREET, PHILADA.

OFFER for Sale a handsome stock of Seasonable Clothing, consisting in part of Blue, Black, Brown, Green and Plaid DRESS COATS; Blue, Brown, Claret and Citron Frocks; Drab and Blue Box; Ranging and New Market Coats: Blue, Green and Mixtures, Cassimere, Pantaloons, Vests, &c. of various qualities, colours and patterns.

Ready-made Linen, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Cravats, Hosiery, &c. together with an elegant assortment of Superfine Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. which will be made to order, and *warranted* to fit both MAN and MIND.

Also, On hand a large assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's CLOAKS.

Wholesale dealers in any of the above articles are invited to call and examine previous to purchasing.

oct. 21—tf

C. F. L. ALBRECHT,

MANUFACTURER OF PIANO FORTES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

BEGS leave to inform the public and his friends, that with a view to extend his Manufactory, and be able to supply more promptly the demand with which he is honoured, he has removed to

NO. 144 SOUTH THIRD STREET,

where he has now for sale, a few Vertical and Horizontal Piano Fortes, of superior tone and workmanship, and will have it in his power to execute the orders he receives, with as much promptitude as is consistent with a due regard to the perfect finish of the Instruments.

May 12—7t*

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale by DAVID CLARK, No. 118 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia,

DR. WATTS'

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ARRANGED by Dr. RIPTON, with Dr. Rippon's selection, in one volume, with two handsome engravings; printed on very fine paper, from New Stereotype Plates, and strongly bound, at 31¼ per copy. To Booksellers and others who purchase larger quantities, a liberal discount will be made. May 11, 1837—tf

TO PRINTERS.

FOR Sale, a Second-Hand WASHINGTON PRESS, Super Royal Size. Has been used but little, and is in complete order—terms, very low for cash.

ALSO—About 120 lbs. PICA GREEK, Robinson's Cast, has only been used to print 500 copies of a pamphlet of 40 pages—price very low.

ALSO—400 lbs. PEARL TYPE, mostly Ronaldson's Cast, has been used only in Stereotyping—will be put up in small founts to suit purchasers—very low.

ALSO—250 lbs. LONG PRIMER, White's No. 3.

A very extensive and beautiful assortment of JOB TYPE and Borders of all descriptions, &c.

An assortment of Mather's PRINTING INK.

Apply at J. HOWE'S
Surveyor or Foundry and Printer's Warehouse, corner of Crown and Callowhill streets.

Applications by mail must be post paid.
March 17—tf

NOTICE.

ALL Persons indebted to the Estate of Nathan De Benneville, late of the County of Philadelphia, deceased, are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same duly attested to

GEO. DE BENNEVILLE, Administrator.
Late of Township, May 1, 1837. May 6—6t*

36, 10, 8, 13, 30, 48, 15, 38, 31.

WERE the drawn Nos. on Wednesday to decide the fate of the 28th, UNION CANAL LOTTERY. The holders of prizes are invited to call on CONINE, 3 South Third street, and receive their cash. The Washington City Lottery, No. 3, will be drawn on the 9th of June. Ticket $4.

The next Union Canal Lottery will be drawn in this city on the 13th June.—Capital Prize $10,000.

May 6—tf

GEORGE W. FARR,

WOOLLEN DRAPER & TAILOR,

No. 204 MARKET STREET,

Next door above the Red Lion Hotel.

HAS received by late arrivals from London an elegant assortment of blue, black, olives, claret, brunae, green, brown, mixed, and a variety of fancy worsted Cloths and Cassimeres, Hirtia, Lewis, Buck & Heavy mixtures, &c. Also, a variety of English black and blue Silk Vestings, Barratts, plain and figured Marseilles, fancy and plain Silk Velvets, Toilenett, Valencia figured and plain Cravats, plain and ruffled Bosoms and cotton Shirts, Collars, &c. Gloves, Stockings, English and German Silk Handkerchiefs, all of which will be sold from ten to fifteen per cent. lower than they can be purchased in the United States. Medical Students, Country Merchants and others visiting the city, will please to call and examine the above.

N. B. One year's credit will be given to all regular dealers, or a liberal discount for cash. march 24—tf

THOMAS'S OFFICE,

32 NORTH THIRD STREET.

PRIZE following are the numbers which were drawn on Wednesday, 26 inst. for determining the fate of the Tickets in the 28th Class UNION CANAL LOTTERY.

36, 10, 8, 13, 30, 48, 15, 38, 31.

SAMUEL S. THOMAS & CO. have the pleasure to announce to the public, the following list of Prizes held at their Office:

10, 13, 36, Quarter of		$1,206
8, 30, 38, Whole Ticket,		240
8, 30, 38, Whole Ticket,		120
8, 10, 38, Whole Ticket,		100

And a number of 50's 20's, &c.

The 29th Class of the Union Canal Lottery will be drawn on the 13th June.

CAPITAL PRIZES.

1 of $16,000	- - -	1 of	$5,000
1 of 4,000	- - -	1 of	3,000
1 of 2,500	- - -	1 of	2,000
1 of 1,500	- - -	1 of	1,275
1 of 1,750	- - -	5 of	1,000

Besides a great many of $500, $300, $100, $50, &c.

Tickets and Shares, in a great variety of numbers, for sale by S. S. THOMAS & Co.
May 5—4w 32 North Third Street.

The Family Tea Warehouse.

WILLIAM YATES,

At John Field's old stand No. 74 1-2 South 2d street.

HAS opened a retail Tea warehouse, for supplying of families with the best teas at reasonable prices.

A prime Hyson, Canton and fine Black Teas. Liberal allowance to tavern keepers and those who buy to sell again. April 21—tf

Frankford Boarding School FOR GIRLS.

A BOARDING School for girls is opened in the pleasant and healthy Borough of Frankford, Philadelphia.

In the School will be taught, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography and Needle work, by an experienced female teacher.

For boarding, tuition, washing and lodging, $100 per annum, payable quarterly in advance; the necessary stationary will be furnished, (if required) at moderate prices; No charge will be made for class books—The house is accommodate the family and school in airy and pleasant, and have communication with the city twice a day by stages for admittance apply to the subscribers in Frankford.

NATHAN HARPER, } Superintendents.
ELIZABETH HARPER, }

In Philadelphia, parents and guardians are respectfully referred to Dr. John Moore Arch street, Nathan Shoemaker, Chesnut street; Benjamin and Thomas Ellis, No. 10 North Third street; Bennet & Walton, No. 27 Market street; or to John & Moses Lancaster, in New Fourth street, above Callowhill street. April 14—6*

Philadelphia Institution

FOR correcting Impediments of Speech upon Mrs. Leigh's System, No. 109 NORTH FRONT ST.
march 24—3t

For Sale Cheap—for Cash.

TWO excellent Iron Presses, one Imperial, and the other Super-Royal size—besides several founts of Type suitable for a small Printing Office. Apply at this Office, where every information will be given and the articles shown. april 21—tf

To Book Binders, Copper Plate Printers, &c.

TO rent two or three Rooms in a central situation for business, with very good light. Apply at the Office of the Saturday Evening Post, 112 Chesnut street.
april 21—tf

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FOR THE

Promotion of Science and Literature.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

His Excellency JOS. RITNER, Governor of the State, President ex officio.

Roger B. Taney, Esq.	Rev. George Roberts,
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Hon. Reverdy Johnson,	Dr. Denis Claude,
Jas. W. McCulloh, Esq.	and
Col. John E. Howard,	Dr. Henry Wilkins.

COHEN'S OFFICE—114, Market-street, Baltimore, May 7th, 1837.

☞ Under authority of the Act of the General Assembly (Dec. session, 1836) we herewith present to the public, the *First Class* of the Maryland

LITERATURE LOTTERY,

The whole to be drawn in ONE DAY, in the city of Baltimore, and under the superintendence of the Commissioners appointed by the Governor and Council.

HIGHEST PRIZE,

20,000 DOLLARS.

BRILLIANT SCHEME.

1 prize	$20,000	is	20,000 Dollars.
1 - - - - -	10,000	- -	10,